The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

No. 189. Vol. XXXII. Subscription rate 8s. per annum post free. | JUNE, 1907. | Price Sixpence. Published Monthly.

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

The Bookman for July will contain an illustrated article on "The Thames in Literature" by Mr. Alfred Noyes, author of "Drake: An English Epic," and other poems.

Rumour attributes to Mr. G. K. Chesterton an unusually busy year of work. We understand that the "Epic of Alfred" is to be completed; that a new novel is nearly ready in the style of "The Napoleon of Notting Hill," to be called "The Man who was Thursday"; and that a volume of poems is on the way, and a poetical play for Mr. George Alexander. Prodigious!

Mr. Alfred H. Hyatt is editing a new anthology of prose and poetry dealing with London and London life. It will be called "The City that I Love," and is to be published almost immediately by Messrs. Chatto and Windus.

It is nearly four years since "Man and Superman" was hurled, as it were, at Mr. Walkley's head. There has been, it is true, some subsequent disinterment of juvenilia and a characteristic little book on municipal trading, but the publication of "John Bull's Other Island" and "Major Barbara," is the first Shavian event of importance since the Court Theatre asserted itself as the home of our national drama. With them appears "How He Lied to Her Husband," a shorter and more frivolous play than Mr. Shaw has recently been writing. There are, moreover, about thirty chapters of preface, dealing with such matters as Home Rule, Egypt, and the Salvation Army.

It is an old story that reputations are fleeting, and the great men of one generation the castaways of another. Especially unhappy is now the lot of many vastly successful mid-Victorians. Famous in his day was the versatile author of "Rory O'More"; and no less a person than Thackeray regarded Douglas Jerrold as a serious rival; while the popularity of Samuel Warren eclipsed that of his two long since forgotten contemporaries. The last-named sprang into being as a "star" in 1830 with the nauseous, maudlin "Passages from the Diary of a Physician," and ten years later, with the appearance of "Ten Thousand a Year," was hailed as a full-fledged "master." To-day Warren has scarcely so many readers as Tupper, and no one has said a word in his favour during the last quarter of a century. Yet the earlier chapters of his second book and first novel will still repay perusal, for they are really an admirable performance, and the pleasure derived from them survives even the ordeal of the subsequent tedious and puerile descriptions of "high-life." Warren's centenary occurs on May 28, and the event is commemorated by Mr. Lewis Melville in a critical paper that appears in the current issues of *The Fortnightly Review* and *The* (New York) *Bookman.*

The arrival in London of the Colonial Prime Ministers—the word "Premier" in this sense is an abomination—has turned many eyes towards the great countries of which they are the representatives.

Photo by Elliott and Fry. **Mrs. M. L. Woods.**
Author of "The Invader." (See page 110.)

Letters flourish chiefly in countries where there is a large leisured class, and though the Colonies have made their contributions to our national literature, we at home have not yet accustomed ourselves to look over the seas either for readers or writers. It will probably be news to many Englishmen that Australia boasts a successful paper devoted entirely to books and book news. *The Book-Lover*, for so it is called, was founded on April 1, 1899, by Mr. H. H. Champion, who made a reputation here before going to the Antipodes. The first number of this courageous venture went to thirty-two subscribers, and for years the monthly issue did not pay the cost of printing. Now, however, after a long and severe struggle, it has established itself on a sound basis.

The Australian *Book-Lover* is an interesting publication, and is of value to us in this country as enabling English writers to see themselves as others see them, for, of course, the bulk of the matter concerns them, especially the lighter writers. All the popular novelists of the day are known there, apparently, except, strangely enough, the delightful Mr. W. J. Locke, whose acquaintance the editor makes for the first time with "The Beloved Vagabond," about which he is properly enthusiastic.

On Sunday, May 12, died Joris Karl Huysmans. Born at Paris in 1848, he began his literary career in 1874 with "Le Drageoir à Epices." His early novels belong to the school of naturalism, and for a long time he was Zola's collaborator in the weekly publication of *La Comédie Humaine, Organe du Naturalisme.* Later he developed a sombre mysticism and symbolism. "En Route," the earliest of his books in the new mood, Mr. Arthur Symons has called "perhaps the first novel which does not set out with the aim of amusing its readers." In "La Cathédrale," probably with "En Route," his best known book, Huysmans psychologises Chartres cathedral.

"Irish and English: Portraits and Impressions," is the title of a collection of his sketches and idylls, for the most part humorous, which Mr. Robert Lynd, the well-known literary critic of *Black and White* and the *Weekly Sun*, has been preparing for the press. The English sketches are for the most part descriptive of things seen in and about London, and the Irish relate to a part of Ireland—the Orange province, or the "Black North," as it is sometimes called—which has so far been little touched upon in literature. The book will be published early next month by Mr. Francis Griffiths.

It is reported from America that Mr. Neil Munro's new novel, "The Daft Days" (reviewed on another page of this issue), will be staged there under the title of "Bud," which is the pet name of the little American heroine whose days in a Scotch township are depicted in the book. Some time ago Mr. Cyril Maude mentioned that he hoped to produce a drama by Mr. Munro at an early date.

There is trouble in the Incorporated Society of Authors, and members are being circularised on the subject. Those signing the circular say that at the late annual general meeting of the Society certain anomalies in its constitution were brought to light by the contention, which proved correct, that the committee was in no way responsible to the members for any action it might take. "It seems," says the circular, "that vacancies caused by retiring members of committee are filled in by selections made by the committee itself. Such a system cannot in any sense provide for the due representation of the Society at large." The signatories wish to make the committee a "truly representative body." Mrs. Flora Ann Steel is taking a leading part on behalf of the reformers, who include also Mr. W. A'Beckett, Mr. E. F. Benson, Miss Cholmondeley, Lord Curzon, Mr. George Darwin, Mr. Hichens, Professor Ray Lankester, Mr. Sidney Lee, Mr. A. C. Lyall, and Miss Mary A. Ward —an influential band.

Much interest and much criticism, most of it of a highly laudatory kind, has been evoked by Professor Raleigh's "Shakespeare," of which we publish a long review this month. But the tomahawk has not been entirely neglected, and has been wielded with all the irresponsibility of an old-time *Saturday* brave, in the *Academy* (*vide* the article headed "A Shakespearean

Rag-Bag"). To those who object to the bludgeon of fifty years ago we commend rather the Limerick which "a comic periodical which then existed under the name of *Punch*" (as the author of "The Warfare of the Worlds" puts it) consecrates to the situation:—

"There was once a professor called Raleigh,
Who with Shakespeare was awfully pally;
When they asked Sidney Lee
His opinion, said he,
'Of all rot this is quite the most bally.'"

The success of Mr. Otto Sallmann's Shakespeare Readings at the *Tribune rendezvous* leads us to welcome his well-written circular, with texts from Raleigh, Hazlitt, Pope, and others, announcing dramatic readings of the chief plays. What more appropriate celebration of Empire Day, for instance, could well be imagined than a reading of "Henry V."? Secretaries of literary societies and the like should make a point (by application to 4, Caithness Road, West Kensington) of securing a copy of this manifesto.

We are glad to hear that among those nominated for the degree of D.C.L. at the coming Encænia at Oxford honoris causa are the names of Mr. Sidney Lee and Mr. Samuel Clemens (Mark Twain). The Chancellor only enjoys the privilege of nomination once, namely, at the ceremony of installation. Lord Salisbury, it will be remembered, nominated as representatives of Letters upon a similar occasion, Matthew Arnold and E. A. Freeman. Lord Curzon has, in our opinion, inherited a large measure of his great predecessor's sagacity. Honour to the surviving editor of the "Dictionary of National Biography" and to the humorous Greatheart who gave us "Life on the Mississippi" and its successors is of the kind that will refract as much credit upon its administrator half a century hence as it does to-day.

Mr. Sidney Lee's articles on "The Call of the West," dealing with the interrelations of the older European nations in their designs upon the New World, have already begun to appear in *Scribner's Magazine*. In a considerably enlarged form these very able articles on "The Example of Spain," "The Huguenot Migration," and "Europe's First Impressions of the Native American," will form the nucleus of the book to be published in America by Scribner, and in England by the publishers of Mr. Lee's last two volumes on "Great Englishmen of the Sixteenth Century" and "Shakespeare and the Modern Stage" (A. Constable and Co.).

We regret to notice the premature death, little over a fortnight since, of William George Hutchison. Born at Kirkcaldy in 1873, and largely self-taught, Mr. Hutchison was an excellent scholar, and showed great promise as a student of the rarer seventeenth century poets, many of whom were illustrated in his racy anthologies entitled "Songs of the Vine," "Lyra Nicotiniana," and "Cynic's Breviary." He did some good articles in magazines and encyclopædias, which showed his wide reading, but his best work is seen in his translations of Renan and the introductions prefixed to these. His last work was the excellent translation of Gaston Boissier's "Tacitus and Other Roman Studies" (1906), which he did for Messrs. Constable.

In February we published in THE BOOKMAN a memorial article on F. W. Maitland. A Maitland Memorial, to provide a research studentship and a tablet, has now been set on foot, under the auspices of the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge University. Would-be subscribers should communicate with Dr. Pearce Higgins, Downing College, Cambridge.

Mr. G. S. Street has found a thoroughly congenial subject for a volume of retrospective experiments and sketches among the "Ghosts of Piccadilly," that historic thoroughfare to reflect the procession of which is to retrace so many brooding memories of past greatness. It is fortunate that the theme has fallen to so practised and philosophic a pen. "Mentem mortalia tangant" is no easy motto.

An exhaustive biographical study of Harrison Ainsworth has been in preparation for at least two years by Mr. S. M. Ellis, of Southwold. It would not be difficult to overrate some of Ainsworth's romances, but his literary life, his connection with Lamb, Scott,

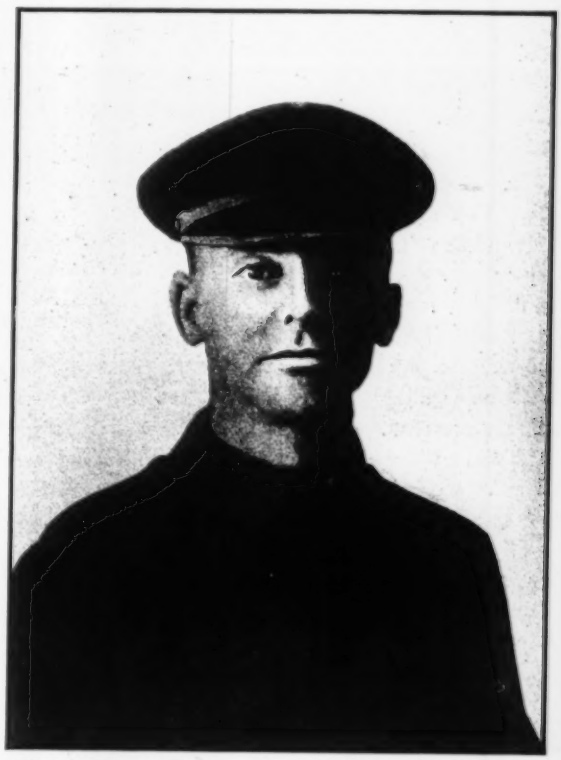

Photo by Hosking, Cape Town.

Owen Rhoscomyl (Owen Vaughan).

Author of "Sweet Rogues."

(Reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. Duckworth and Co.)

the early Blackwood group, and, as editor and publisher, with all the leading wits and writers of his earlier years, gives a very brilliant opportunity to so diligent an investigator as Mr. Ellis. Those who possess material and correspondence have been requested to communicate with the author.

Yet another monumental volume upon a neglected English classic has appeared on the other side of the Channel. Printed at Poitiers, and published by Hachette, "La Vie et l'Œuvre de Ben Jonson," in just under a thousand large octavo pages, is the work of M. Maurice Castelain, a pupil, we believe, of Professor Angellier, the biographer of Burns, "maitre de conférences" to the Faculty of Letters at Poitiers, and quite a recent recruit to the French professoriate. It is a book of very great learning, to which we hope we may be able to revert in a subsequent issue.

The greater part of a work that should attract much attention—a Life of Hood by Mr. Walter Jerrold, grandson of Douglas Jerrold—is now in the hands of the publisher. The Hood period is one on which Mr. Jerrold has for long specialised, and the book will contain much new matter. For purposes of research Mr. Jerrold went recently to Dundee, where, as is common knowledge, Hood spent the years of his boyhood. There are many Hood letters in Dundee, and it was in the *Dundee Advertiser* that Hood made his first appearance in print, the contribution taking the form of a Letter to the Editor.

We have received from "Helen," aged seven, the first chapter of a very promising romance entitled "The Anventures of a Rabbit." "There was once a rabbit called Bunbutter. He was very thin, and had got a lot of hair. But come! come! this is not the story. He loved to roam about the forest. (Now this rabbit was tame, now just think of a wild rabbit being tame.) One day he was roaming in the forest as usual, when up his guardian, a big dog called Roy, and said: 'There are hounds hunting you, get on my back and i'll fly like the wind.' But alas! Roy was too tired to run any longer. But the brave old dog went on running to save the rabbit's life. It was already night and the hounds were near. Suddenly as it was dark, Roy ran into a tree and struck it with his paw, and behold the tree opened and they went in. It was a long dark passage. After walking one mile down the passage, they came to a golden hall which was all dark. Suddenly the light was lit. Roy was changed into a lovely prince, and the rabbit changed into a lovely princess. They looked about them to see who had changed them into prince and princess, and there at the end of the hall in two chairs sat the King and Queen of the fairies." We admire Helen's ingenious blend of realism and mysticism. Fourteen years hence we shall hope to review her novel and reproduce her portrait in "The Bookman Gallery."

A sympathetic account of the life and work of the late Shakespearean scholar, W. J. Craig, is given in American *Modern Language Notes* of May, in which the writer, Professor Edward P. Morton, of Indiana University, speaks of the readiness of Americans to testify to Mr. Craig's kindliness and personal charm.

For an eclectic few whose aversion is normality and the commonplace, the death of J. K. Huysmans (1848-1907) will mean a serious deprivation. The last of the old militant Zolaists and contributors to the *Soirées de Médan*, his subsequent history had in it more of psychological interest than that of either Zola himself, Maupassant, or the Goncourts. To minds imbued with the spirit of Baudelaire his work contained an interest and a savour lacking to all other literature of our time. The masterly sketch of Huysmans' conversion and last days in the *Times* of May 17th cannot fail to have excited a very poignant sensation among those to whom his name means anything.

Mr. Davray has a lively dissertation in the current *Mercure* on Mr. Galsworthy's new book. "Avez vous lu 'The Country House' . . . telle est la question qu'on se pose dans le 'public d'élite' qui décide des 'succès d'estime'!" He is powerfully attracted by the craft of the book, but he cannot make out the author's course, drift, or perspective. It is an unweeded garden, he declaims, a confused entanglement in which the writer himself finally disappears. He seems to think it may be due in part to haste, but haste is the last solecism of which we should accuse Mr. Galsworthy. In demanding such a decided direction for the reader's sympathies, is not Mr. Davray confusing the function of the novel with that of the drama?

Among the not too fruitful crop of spring novels the merit of distinction is to be conferred on at least two of quite recent appearance, the "Daft Days" of Neil Munro, in which an unusual juxtaposition of American and Scottish life and intimacy is worked out in a very striking fashion; and secondly, "The Good Comrade," which points to an unquestionable advance upon much excellent work already done by Miss Silberrad. The contrasted realism, English shabby genteel and honest homely Dutch, and the intensely strung love story, so severely restrained in the telling, recall some of Jessie Fothergill's best work of the eighties. But Miss Silberrad has a whimsicality and a humour in the background to which the author of "The First Violin" could lay no possible claim.

We have to express our indebtedness to Mr. H. Clinton Baker for permission to reproduce the original Kit-Cat portrait of Addison by Kneller; to Mr. Archibald Ramsden for Mr. Ogilvy Reid's painting of Addison; and to Messrs. George Newnes, Ltd., for a like courtesy in respect to a drawing by Mr. E. J. Sullivan.

"THE BOOKMAN" GALLERY.

MR. E. M. FORSTER.

WE have fallen into such an easy habit of misusing words that every writer of fiction who is publishing his first book is automatically described as a new novelist, when as a rule we mean no more than that he is a young one. I find a popular novelist telling us in her latest work that America produces a genius a day and doesn't know it; and if one out of each week's supply is a literary genius, nobody else knows it either. A new novelist is really so much of a rarity that if we get three or four in a decade we may account ourselves uncommonly fortunate. Most of those who are catalogued as new have nothing new about them but their bindings. That the story they tell has, superficially speaking, all been told before is of little or no importance; what matters is that they have obviously gathered their knowledge of life from the books of others, they have no personal experience to draw upon, no individual outlook; their thoughts are not coloured by their own thinking, and their style is a mere echo of somebody else's.

Mr. E. M. Forster.

Therefore, when you do amongst the annual output of fiction come across a novel that is authentically new, you are not slow to offer up thanks for it and keep an eye open for the next book with the same author's name on it. When "Where Angels Fear to Tread" made its appearance about a year ago most critics of any discernment made haste to put Mr. E. M. Forster into their limited list of new novelists who are really new, and the publication of "The Longest Journey" this spring has amply justified them in doing so.

It is not safe to make sure of your new novelist on the strength of a first book only; nine out of every ten men who delight us with a more than ordinarily good first book never do another that will bear comparison with it; but Mr. Forster is not one of these, for his second story, both in breadth of design and treatment, and in the strength and subtle charm of its style, touches a higher level than was reached by the first.

Happily, Mr. Forster is a young novelist as well as a new one, but though these are his first novels, they are not his only nor his earliest work in literature. He has from the first been a contributor to the *Independent Review* (which has lately changed its name to the *Albany*), and considers that he owes very largely to its encouragement his introduction to the public. Some of the short stories he contributed there are similar in aim to the imaginative, unappreciated stories which he makes "Rickie" write in "The Longest Road"—stories that get into touch with nature as the Greeks were in touch with it, so that the trees and coppices and summer fields are alive with a life that is half human and half godlike. A fondness for Latin literature has led Mr. Forster to edit the *Æneid* for Messrs. Dent; but outside the writing of fiction his chief interest is in history, particularly the history of the Italian Renaissance, on which he is hoping presently to publish some studies.

He does not hamper himself with any artistic formula, and his ideas on the respective merits of good and bad endings for novels are courageously and emphatically illustrated in his own books. Nothing could be worse than the happy ending at any price; and nothing could be better than the bad or sad ending that is the true, the evident, the inevitable result of all that has gone before it. The fact is there is no such thing as a gloomy ending of a novel that counts for anything. I know of nothing that is fuller of heartbreak than is the close of "Jude the Obscure." The very memory of it haunted me like a personal sorrow for a week after I had read it, but the sheer joy one has in the stern truth and exquisite art of it is a finer, more elevating pleasure than any to be won from the most gracefully, artfully, artificially cheerful conclusion that the novelist with no conscience will fashion for the pleasure of the crowd.

Neither of Mr. Forster's stories finishes with the cheap conventional smile under a heaven from which all clouds have been swept, presumably for ever; but there is nothing forced or aggressive in the end to which they do come. The sudden confession of Miss Abbott to Philip, in the last chapter of "Where Angels Fear to Tread," surprises him more than it should surprise the reader, though even the reader, who has by this been cleverly lured into forgetting things, is for the moment taken aback; but their final parting,

handled with a shrewd and delicate irony, is the right and satisfying thing, after all.

Some of Mr. Forster's opinions of men and things are very healthily irritating, and I have been glad to find myself resenting or dissenting from many of them. He has wit and humour, and a good gift of irony; his characters are living and human, with an ingrained flesh and-blood humanity; he writes imaginatively, with spiritual insight, and an underlying sense of the beauty, and sordidness, and pathos of mortal life.

He has travelled a great deal in Germany, Greece, France, but, more than all, in Italy; the latter country supplies certain of the most memorable scenes of his first novel, and in Gino, frank, joyous, irresponsible, shallow, not over cleanly, "a boy of medium height with a pretty face, the son of a dentist at Monteriano," a sunny fellow whom all women fall in love with, and one, an English widow, his senior and social superior, makes the mistake of marrying, he has given a brilliant and sympathetic study of Italian character. Gino is easy-going and impressionable, as ready to fall in love as to be fallen in love with; he is more than willing to marry the charming widow, Lilia Herriton; he is fond of her, but is not blind to the fact that she has money; and after their marriage he masters her, despite his happy carelessness and his apparently boundless good-nature, and despite the other fact that she is nearing forty, and he is little more than twenty. It is round this marriage really that the whole story revolves. Since her son's death, Mrs. Herriton, senr., has taken possession of his wife and small daughter, and, being herself of a wonderfully orthodox and exclusive middle-class respectability, sets herself to see that the child is strictly brought up, and that the widow maintains a social dignity and decorum worthy of the respectable traditions of her husband's family. From a cryptic message of Miss Abbott's, who is in Italy with Lilia, she gathers news of Lilia's engagement to Gino, and in a state of horrified alarm sends her younger son Philip out at once to stop the marriage. But, with the connivance and approval of the romantic Miss Abbott, the marriage has been solemnised before he can get there. Later, when Lilia is dead, it comes to pass that, solely for the sake of appearances, Mrs. Herriton finds herself constrained to undertake the maintenance and upbringing of her baby, but to her amazement Gino declines to part with it. His opposition piques her to a firmer resolve; she sends her son and daughter out to obtain the infant at all costs, and Miss Abbott, remorseful for the share she had in her dead friend's marriage and yearning to atone as far as possible, goes out also. Gino's natural love for his small son is very subtly and beautifully developed, and the bootless negotiations and intriguings of the three English visitors have one tragic and more than one unlooked-for result.

It is a very striking and original piece of work, and in following it as he has done with his even stronger and more ambitious book, "The Longest Journey," Mr. Forster has not only fulfilled the highest expectations of his readers, he has convinced them that he has not yet touched the limit of his powers, and that they may confidently expect still better things of him.

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

June 1 to July 1.

Messrs. Chatto and Windus.

DAVEY, RICHARD.—The Sultan and his Subjects. (A New Edition, Re-written.) 7s. 6d. net.
PETIT HOMME ROUGE LE.—The Court of the Tuileries, 1852-70. 7s. 6d. net.
FLAMMARION, CAMILLE, and J. ELLARD GORE.—Popular Astronomy. (New Edition, Revised and Enlarged.) 10s. 6d.
SYMONDS, J. ADDINGTON.—Wine, Women, and Song. (New Edition.) 1s. 6d. and 6s. net.
LODGE, THOMAS.—Rosalynde. Newly Edited by W. W. Greg, M.A. 2s. 6d. and 5s. net.

The Clarendon Press.

The Gospel of Barnabas. Edited and Translated by Lonsdale and Laura Ragg (from the Italian MS. in the Imperial Library at Vienna).
Letters of Sir Henry Wotton. Edited by J. Pearsall Smith. 2 vols.
Coleridge's Biographia Literaria. Edited by J. Shawcross. 2 vols.
The following vols. in the World's Classics. Each from 1s. net. (Thick or thin paper):—Smollett's Travels through France and Italy. George Herbert's Poems. Cobbold's Margaret Catchpole. Horne's New Spirit of the Age. Dickens' Great Expectations. Leigh Hunt's The Town. Aristophanes: Frere's translation of the Acharnians, Knights, Birds, and Frogs. Butler's Analogy. Gibbon's Autobiography. Fielding's Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon. Wells' Joseph and his Brethren.

Messrs. W. B. Clive and Sons.

MILTON.—Early Poems. Comus. Lycidas. Edited by A. F. Watt, M.A. Oxon, B.A. Lond. 2s. 6d.
OVID.—Metamorphoses, Book V., lines 358-550. Edited by J. F. Stout, B.A., Camb. 1s. 6d. Translation to Above. 6d.
CAVERS, F., D.Sc. (Professor of Botany at the Hartley College, Southampton).—Plant Biology: A Practical Course of Nature Study on Plants.

Messrs. Constable and Co.

HANOTAUX, GABRIEL.—Contemporary France. Vol. III. 15s. net.
BAILEY, J. C.—The Claims of French Poetry. 7s. 6d. net.
SHAND, ALEX. INNES.—Soldiers of Fortune. 12s. 6d. net.
SETON, GRACE GALLATIN.—Nimrod's Wife. 6s.
POLLARD, A. F.—Factors in Modern History. 7s. 6d. net.
HOWARD, EARL DEAN.—The Cause and Extent of the Recent Industrial Progress of Germany. 4s. 6d. net.
ERMAN, PROFESSOR.—A Handbook of Egyptian Religion. 10s. 6d. net.
JAMES, WINIFRED.—Bachelor Betty. 6s.
ADAMS, ANDY.—Reid Anthony, Cowman. 6s.
PRIOR, JAMES.—The Walking Gentleman. 6s.
DAVIS, M. E. M.—The Price of Silence. 6s.

Messrs. J. M. Dent and Co.

HEADLAM, CECIL, M.A.—Oxford. 4s. 6d. net; 5s. 6s. net.
CHART, D. A.—Dublin. 4s. 6d. net; 5s. 6d. net.
VOLTAIRE.—Contes Choisies. 1s. 6d. net; 2s. 6d. net.
BOSSUET.—Oraisons Funèbres. 1s. 6d. net; 2s. 6d. net.
JORGA, N.—The Byzantine Empire. (Temple Primers.) Cloth, 1s. net.

Messrs. Duckworth and Co.

GLYN, ELINOR.—Three Weeks: A Novel. 6s.

Messrs. T. Werner Laurie.

TULLOCH, REV. W. W., D.D.—The Life of Tom Morris. 10s. 6d. net.
WARDEN, FLORENCE.—The Marriage Broker. 6s.
TRUSCOTT, L. PARRY.—The Weed by the Wall. 6s.
D'AUVERGNE, E. B.—The Castles of England. 2s. 6d. net.

Messrs. Methuen and Co.

The Novelist: In Monthly Numbers. 6d. each.
The White Wolf. By "Q."
OLDHAM, F. M., B.A.—The Complete School Chemistry. With 125 Illustrations. 4s. 6d.
MACCUNN, FLORENCE A.—Mary Stuart. Second Edition. 6s.
SERGEANT, ADELINE.—The Quest of Geoffrey Darrell. 6s.

Sir Isaac Pitman and Son.

BENSON, ROBERT HUGH.—A Mirror of Shalott. 6s.
BROOKFIELD, MRS. CHARLES.—My Lord of Essex. 6s.
THORPE, C.—Social Results of Early Christianity, with Preliminary Essay by the late Dr. R. W. Dale. 3s. 6d. net.

Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co.

MAUDE, COLONEL F. N., C.B.—War and the World's Life. 12s. 6d. net.
DUTHIE, D. WALLACE.—The Case of Sir John Fastolf, and other Historical Studies. 5s. net.

Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein and Co.

MACKENZIE, PROF. J. S.—Lectures in Humanism. 4s. 6d.
BARBER, T. W.—The Port of London and the Thames. 12s. 6d. net.
GLUNICKE, LIEUT.-COL. G. J. R.—The Campaign in Bohemia. Maps and Plans. 1866. 5s. net. (Special Campaign Series.)
HARRIS, G. W.—Herodotus, Histories, VII. to IX. Cloth, 3s. 6d. net.
McMILLAN, M.—Labour and Childhood. 3s. 6d. net.
ANON.—The Unknown Power behind the Nationalist Party. 5s.

Mr. T. Fisher Unwin.

WORSLEY, A.—Concepts of Monism. 21s. net.
DITTRICH, HERMANN.—The Horse. 30s. net.
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THE READER.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

By J. H. Lobban.

"A PRINCIPLE of gratitude must naturally be awakened in every generous mind when he peruses the pages of that distinguished class of writers, the British Essayists." These are the solemn words, striking a chill to the heart, that we find on the opening page of our forty-volume edition of the "British Essayist." It is nearly a hundred years since they were written, and it is not conceivable now that any reader, who survived the task, would feel the slightest stirring of gratitude. More probably, and quite pardonably, the state of his mind would resemble that of De Quincey when he read eighteenth century pastorals: "To read of their Phillises and Strephons and Chloes and Corydons throws me into such convulsions of rage that I move to the window, and (without thinking what I am about) throw it up, calling '*Police! Police!*'" By the time we have eaten our way through this mountain of morality —the British Essayists—to Hawkesworth and Cumberland and Henry Mackenzie and Vicesimus Knox, we long to shout for the police and give the rogues in charge for fraudulent misrepresentation. The piety of these early editors is astounding. To *select* from their "old masters" was to them a thing unthinkable. They searched below the table lest a crumb of platitude should escape them. And the result of their labours was that British Morality became a European jest and by-word, and that the Essay, which had been the medium of Addison's wit and of the humour of Steele and Goldsmith, became in popular esteem a synonym for dulness, an inglorious reputation from which it is still struggling to set itself free.

While oblivion dark as night has fallen on the Knoxes and Cumberlands and all their camp-followers, there is a suspicion of a cloud over the fame even of the authors of the *Tatler* and the *Spectator*. They no longer shine with the full meridian splendour which dazzled Johnson and generations of his successors. To "give our days and nights to Addison" is advice to ignore which must ever be the sign of an illiberal education and of a refusal to recognise and enjoy some of the choicest pages of English prose. But it is no longer a maxim for our schools and universities. "Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious," must share his days and nights with others than Addison. To imitate Addison would result in elegance—and archaism. It is neither true nor critical to claim for the *Spectator* that it is

> "A forted residence 'gainst the tooth of time
> And razure of oblivion."

The genius of Steele and Addison was not of that rare and imperishable order, and it is a mistaken piety that attempts to conceal the fact.

It is tempting but not possible to write of Steele or Addison without referring to both. The partnership, though far from perfect and complete, was much too close to permit of this. It cannot be too strongly affirmed that the literary achievement which we associate with the names of Steele and Addison was the result of their combined powers, and that union gave to them both a strength of which neither of them was separately capable. When we think of any of the most familiar characters in the *Tatler* and *Spectator*, the slightest reflection will reveal the fact that the pictures which we conjure up are the work of two hands. The secrets of the partnership are more cunningly concealed than is sometimes granted. They do not lie on the surface, open to the eye of the hasty reader. They can be which we conjure up are the work of two hands. The discussion of the respective "claims" of Steele and Addison has sometimes been regarded as a futile academic exercise in criticism. But it is curiously significant that the supporters of this view have always been intemperate Addisonians. The credit arising from the *Spectator* and the honour of founding our periodical literature are quite sufficient for any two reputations, and when we consider impartially what either partner contributed of wit and humour and vivacity and learning and originality and style, it is impossible not to conclude that they are entitled to equal shares in the renown which attended their enterprise. To praise Addison it is not necessary to belittle Steele. To do so is an injustice to Addison. It is a flattery that o'erleaps itself and unwittingly lends force and point to the venomous thrusts of Pope. The author of the lines on Atticus:

> "Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
> Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
> View him with scornful yet with jealous eyes,
> And hate for arts that caused himself to rise,"

would have applauded with an impish delight the work of those who speak of "Addison's *Spectator*." Steele's own tributes to his friend are so generous and handsome that it is a matter for sheer astonishment that they should so persistently have been taken in their literal fulness. On the whole question of their co-operation the most important document is the preface with which Steele introduced "The Drummer." With pardonable indignation he refutes the insinuations of Tickell and recalls to Congreve the many splendid tributes he had paid to Addison in the course of his essays. "I am indeed much more proud of his long-continued friendship than I should be of the fame of being thought the author of any writings which he himself is capable of producing. I remember when I finished 'The Tender Husband,' I told him there was nothing I so ardently wished as that we might some time or other publish a work written by us both, which should bear the name of the Monument, in memory of our friendship." Steele's ambition was fulfilled in a manner he did not dream of, and the *Tatler* and the *Spectator* remain as the enduring monument of a great friendship and a great alliance.

Literary forms are of slow growth and are never

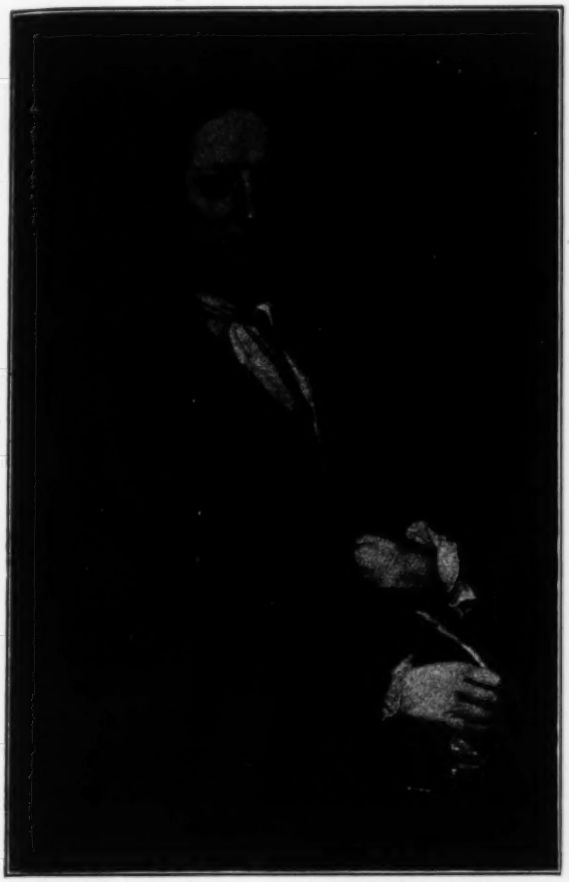
safely to be attributed to the invention of a single mind. Steele did not discover the essay any more than did Richardson the novel. But his true journalistic instinct led him to take occasion by the hand; fortune brought him in the person of his greatest friend the one man in England best fitted to help him in his enterprise; and the result was that by a process of selection and modification of various features in the journalism of their time, Steele and Addison added a new continent to the world of letters. Their own powers have generally been over-praised. But the far-reaching effects of their discovery it would be as difficult to exaggerate as to determine. In a climactic burst of enthusiasm the excellent Dr. Nathan Drake declares, "It is but just, therefore, to infer that the periodical writings of Addison and of Steele have contributed more essentially to the national good, to the political influence even, and stability of the British Empire, than all the efforts of her warriors, however great or glorious." This is Steele and Addison from the "Imperial" point of view. For the parochial and contemporary view we may quote the poet Gay: "It is incredible to think the effect his writings have had on the town; how many thousand follies they have either quite banished or given a very great check to; how much countenance they have added to virtue and religion; how many people they have rendered happy, by showing them it was their own fault if they were not so; and lastly, how entirely they have convinced our fops and young fellows of the value and advantages of learning." At a distance of nearly two centuries these testimonials to Mr. Spectator sound now a little strange. It would not occur to us now to judge of Steele and Addison by their contribution towards the stability of the empire any more than by their success in inspiring the Mohawks of Queen Anne's reign with a passion for pure literature. We think of them now as the beneficent founders of our periodical literature, and the grandfathers of the English novel.

To estimate clearly the achievement of Steele and Addison it is necessary to realise the conditions of the journalism of their day. During the last quarter of the seventeenth century the press was under a strict muzzling order, the removal of which in 1695 was followed by an extraordinary outburst of journalistic activity. The air was thick with *Mercuries* and *Newsletters*, and from some of these, especially John Dunton's *Athenian Gazette*, Steele, himself the official Gazetteer, did not disdain to steal a hint. In 1702, a few days after Queen Anne ascended the throne, our first daily newspaper made its appearance. But the greatest journalistic marvel of the time was Defoe's *Review*, which began two years later, while its author was "doing time" in Newgate. Steele and Addison have been hailed as the founders of modern journalism. But this is due to a confusion of ideas. They started periodical literature, but the man who has the best right to a statue in Fleet Street is undoubtedly Daniel Defoe. If Defoe were to come back to Fleet Street now, he would have nothing to learn. The linotype machine would hardly surprise him. He probably had thought of it. With some justice he might be disappointed at the deterioration of the "leading article," which he invented, but the propagation of false news, the printing of scandalous reports, the insertion of quack advertisements and bogus correspondence—all these things would warm and delight his paternal heart. No biographer or bibliographer can possibly cope with Defoe—a man who wrote some three hundred books, who has claims to have discovered the essay and the novel and the newspaper, and who devoted a brief holiday to effecting the union between England and Scotland. It is a very thin line indeed that separates Defoe's articles from the English essay proper. But the line does exist. Defoe, when he attempts the grand manner, falls into the rhetoric of the platform; when he is most himself, his style is only brilliant "journalese." Clever as he was, there were three things that eluded the grasp of Defoe, and these were scholarship, wit, and urbanity. It was by grafting these on to the old stock of English journalism that Steele and Addison compassed the English Essay.

In his contemptuous reply to Mr. Thomas Tickell, Steele observed, "All which the editor has said, either out of design or incapacity, Mr. Congreve must determine to end in this—that Steele has been so candid and upright that he owes nothing to Mr. Addison, as a writer; but whether he does or does not, whatever Steele owes to Mr. Addison, the public owes Addison to Steele." The truth of the closing words is confirmed not only by what we know of the actual history of the *Tatler* and the *Spectator*, but also by the character of Addison's independent works. For these are unmarked by any trace of originality in form or in thought. The timidity and reticence which were so conspicuous traits in Addison's character seem to have had their mental counterparts. Most astonishing of all, there is not outside of his essays a single gleam of humour in anything he wrote; nay, not sufficient humour even to save him from occasional absurdity. In every respect he followed the traditional route of the literary aspirant of his time. He wrote a poem to celebrate Blenheim, and the best that can be said of it, angel-simile and all, is that the government considered it worth an under-secretaryship of state. Earlier, at the age of twenty-two, he wrote a poem on the English poets which for ineptitude of criticism it would be hard to parallel in the English *corpus poetarum*. The rhyming "Letter to Lord Halifax" contains a line which has become embalmed as a quotation, but its greatest merit is that it may have been the model for "The Traveller." His tragedy of "Cato" is dead as Pomfret's "Choice," and what passing celebrity it had was due only to the desperate necessities of political faction. Pope (the light of after-events suggests malice in the compliment) described "Cato" as an epitome of

> "What Plato thought and godlike Cato was."

Johnson, striving earnestly to be laudatory, expressed himself in a manner which might have excited the envy of Pope himself. He describes "Cato" as "rather a succession of just sentiments in elegant language than a representation of natural affections, or of any state probable or possible in human life. . . Cato



From a painting by Dahl, in the National Portrait Gallery.

Joseph Addison.

From a painting by Simon Du Bois, at Queen's College, Oxford.

Joseph Addison.

From a painting by Richardson.

Joseph Addison.

Joseph Addison.

From a painting by Jervas, in the collection of Her Grace the Duchess of Dorset.

After a painting by S. W. Reynolds. **The Death of Addison.**

is a being above our solicitude; a man of whom the gods take care, and whom we leave to their care with heedless confidence." Johnson's words are true of all of Addison's miscellaneous writings. Gladly and reverently we leave them to the care of the gods with heedless confidence.

The eighteenth number of the *Tatler*, his first contribution, proved that Addison, our greatest master of humorous satire, had at last found his vocation and opportunity. The gusto of the thing is unmistakable. The shy, reserved student had at last found the medium he was waiting for, and Fleet Street must have experienced strange sensations on May 21st, 1709. To the attack of the bludgeon it had long become accustomed, but here was a strange and terrible aggressor, who approached his victims with a smile, and pinked them with his rapier beneath the fifth rib.

"There is another sort of gentlemen whom I am much more concerned for, and that is the ingenious fraternity of which I have the honour to be an unworthy member: I mean the news-writers of Great Britain, whether Post-men or Post-boy, or by whatever name or title soever dignified or distinguished. The case of these gentlemen is, I think, more hard than that of the soldiers, considering that they have taken more towns, and fought more battles. They have been upon parties and skirmishes, when our armies have lain still; and given the general assault to many a place, when the besiegers were quiet in their trenches. They have made us masters of several strong towns many weeks before our generals could do it; and completed victories, when our greatest captains have been glad to come off with a drawn battle. Where Prince Eugene has slain his thousands, Boyer has slain his ten thousands. This gentleman can indeed be never enough commended for his courage and intrepidity during this whole war: he has laid about him with an inexpressible fury; and, like the offended Marius of ancient Rome, made such havoc among his countrymen, as must be the work of two or three ages to repair. It must be confessed the redoubted Mr. Buckley has shed as much blood as the former; but I cannot forbear saying (and I hope it will not look like envy) that we regard our brother Buckley as a kind of Drawcansir, who spares neither friend nor foe, but generally kills as many of his own side as the enemies'. It is impossible for this ingenious sort of men to subsist after a peace: everyone recollects the shifts they were driven to in the reign of King Charles the Second, when they could not furnish out a single paper of news, without lighting up a comet in Germany, or a fire in Moscow. There scarce appeared a letter without a paragraph on an earthquake. Prodigies were grown so familiar, that they had lost their name, as a great poet of that age has it. I remember Mr. Dyer, who is justly looked upon by all the fox-hunters in the nation as the greatest statesman our country has produced, was particularly famous for dealing in whales; insomuch, that in five months' time (for I had the curiosity to examine his letters on that occasion) he brought three into the mouth of the river Thames, besides two porpusses and a sturgeon. The judicious and wary Mr. Ichabod Dawks hath all along been the rival of this great writer, and got himself a reputation from plagues and famines: by which, in those days, he destroyed as great multitudes as he has lately done by the sword."

To exemplify Addison's genius by a quotation from his first essay in the *Tatler* may seem neither critical nor kind. But we take it that it represents Addison at his very best. There is a humour in the essay which hides its "gay malevolence," and it exhibits, as well as any of the more celebrated essays in the *Spectator*, all the essential characteristics of Addison's style—the mocking irony, the punctilious detail (as to the number of the "porpusses"), the indefinable impression of scholarship and distinction, the pervading urbanity and wit. And the quotation is interesting for the further reason that it readily lends itself to comparison with many passages from the works of those great contemporary masters of circumstantial detail, Defoe and Swift. Surely and skilfully Addison guides his little craft through a new and narrow channel into a haven never entered by the humble merchantman of Defoe or the proud galleon of Swift.

Many excellent critics have shared Hazlitt's preference for the first sprightly runnings of the *Tatler* as contrasted with the maturer "elegance" of the *Spectator*. The *Tatler* undoubtedly conforms best to the Johnsonian definition of the essay as "a loose sally of the mind." It has the joyousness of irresponsibility, while the *Spectator* is often a little oppressed by the seriousness of its mission to bring philosophy out of closets and libraries to dwell in clubs and coffee-houses. Steele is at his best in the *Tatler*, discoursing on "the history of every mode." In the *Spectator* he feels it his duty to affect a decorous solemnity which is not quite his own. And even Mr. Addison himself is sometimes a little encumbered by his robes of office. He dons his tye-wig and preaches sermons, while we are longing to hear him repeat his brilliant successes with "Nicolini and the Lions" and the "Conduct of the Fan." Following the example of Defoe and Steele, he discourses on Shakespeare and Milton, but, unlike these others who were content merely to quote without giving any reasons for their approval, Addison embarks on formal literary criticism. The essays on Milton achieved a century of fame, but Addison was too completely the slave of Bossu and "the rules" to survive the overthrow of "classical" criticism. There is humour and truth in Taine's pungent remark that Addison approaching Milton is like a carpenter inspecting a staircase.

There have been people who speak of the "gentle Addison," an epithet scarcely less ludicrous than the "gentle Elia." For if his methods were gentle, theirs was a feline gentleness. To overlook this is indeed to miss the one quality by virtue of which Addison retains his pride of place among the English humorists. For he is a satirist first and foremost, and his humour is only the sheath for his malevolence. When he rallies "the fair sex" it is not with the boisterous good humour of Steele, but with an air of amused toleration and condescension. In the whole course of his essays it would be difficult to name one in which the humour is devoid of satirical intent. The distinction is nowhere more evident than in the Coverley papers, where Addison, by a miracle of wit, transforms Steele's retired town gallant into an unsophisticated Tory squire. Great must have been Steele's bewilderment to find his Sir Roger, in his youth a fine gentleman who had often supped with Rochester, brought back to town to discourse like Partridge at the play and moralise in the Abbey like a country cousin. Steele made valiant attempts to recapture Sir Roger from his graceless ally, but Addison's adroitness prevailed, and it is as a Tory squire that we think of the most complete and charming creation in our literature outside of prose fiction. It is only as the result of analysis that we discover how many of the little human touches which have given immortality to Sir Roger are the gift of his original creator. If to Addison we owe the delightful picture of John Matthews being reproved in church, it is Steele who reports for us the fineness of the widow's hand.

While it may well be argued that the greatest achievement of the *Tatler* and *Spectator* was to prepare the way for the novel, it is impossible to overrate the miracle they performed in raising the general standard of literature and in rescuing wit and humour from the service of indecency. To pass from Vanbrugh and Wycherley to Steele and Addison is to escape from the noxious steam of sewers into an atmosphere fresh and fragrant with the scent of lavender. As long as the eighteenth century retains its magical charm, the *Tatler* and *Spectator* will continue among the classics that are loved and read. For they are more than essays. They are the most fascinating chapter in the social history of England. As we read them, "the past age returns, the England of our ancestors is revivified. The Maypole rises in the Strand again in London; the churches are thronged with daily worshippers; the beaux are gathering in the coffee-houses; the gentry are going to the drawing-rooms; the ladies are thronging to the toy-shops; the chairmen are jostling in the streets; the footmen are running with links before the chariots, or fighting round the theatre doors."

From a drawing by E. J. Sullivan. **Joseph Addison.**

(Reproduced from "The Essays of Addison," by kind permission of Messrs. George Newnes, Ltd.)

CHRISTABEL.*

By GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

THERE should be no two opinions as to the thanks due to Mr. Ernest Coleridge, who has executed, and to the Fellows of the Royal Society of Literature, who have commissioned, the enterprise of publishing a facsimile of what is apparently the most authentic of the MSS. of "Christabel." Perhaps, indeed, more thanks still are due to Miss Edith Coleridge, the owner of the MSS., for permitting the process. There is not seldom a reluctance—which I, for my part, am not at all inclined to put down to dog-in-the-mangerishness—to allow a multiplication which seems to carry a sort of profanation with it. Yet it is well that the reluctance should be conquered. It is not quite uncommon to hear persons who pride themselves upon being strong-minded ridiculing the fancy for facsimiles of the kind. "You have got the text," they say, "in scores of printed editions; some at least of these editions must have been carefully compared with the MSS. What more do you want?" But this is merely one of the common fallacies of common sense left to itself. Individual MSS. are always subject not only to the peril of destruction, but also (especially when they are in private guardianship) to that more mysterious danger of disappearance, no man knows how or when, which has notoriously proved itself real in certain cases.

* "Christabel." By Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Illustrated by a facsimile of the MS., and by textual and other notes by Ernest Hartley Coleridge, Hon. F.R.S.L. 21s. net. (Henry Frowde.)

Further, the very multiplication of printed texts, and especially the frequent reprinting of them, leads to the "irreption," as scholarly jargon has it, of blunders. Even stereotype has not guarded against this; for plates get worn, and when they are "mended," unless very particular care is used, your "table of Greenfield's" is by no means unlikely to make its appearance. And it is therefore of real importance to have the MS., or its unquestionable representatives, multiplied and put out of danger.

The editorial apparatus which Mr. Ernest Coleridge has added is neither ostentatiously voluminous nor tantalisingly scanty; and it is almost everywhere welcome. On one or two points one may perhaps offer a little comment. It is not common to find an editor, especially one bound to his author by close ties of blood, too little jealous of that author's reputation. But the present writer is by no means sure that we should accept as readily as Mr. Coleridge does, the common ascription of some striking touches in the opening of "Christabel" to Dorothy Wordsworth. Of course, "cloudy, but not dark," and "the spring continues to advance slowly," and the rest, are actually in Dorothy's diary; and of course Dorothy was a very remarkable person; and of course she and Coleridge were much together (*Mrs.* Coleridge would not contradict this) at the time. But is it not at least as likely that S. T. C. made the observations, and that Dorothy remembered and noted them down, as that he took them from her? With regard to the cloud-and-moon phrases in particular, it has not, I think, been ever quite sufficiently noted by Coleridge's editors how eager and constant a student he was of these effects. This is obvious in all the poems of and immediately preceding the best period; but the evidence was never fully displayed till the publication, by Mr. Ernest Coleridge himself, a dozen years ago, of the extremely remarkable and not too much remarked "Anima Poetæ." There we find Coleridge, only a few years after "Christabel" was begun, devoting whole pages to a sort of "mapping-out" of the sky, night after night observing the journeyings of the moon through the clouds, as carefully as "Spy Nosy" had ever tracked himself and Wordsworth in the Quantock woods. Now, Dorothy certainly was not present on these occasions; though she may not have been many miles away.

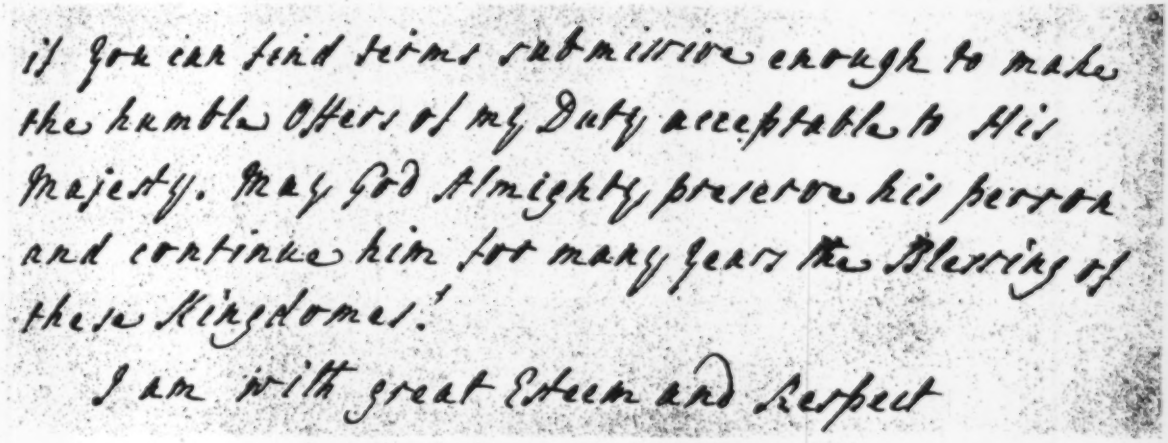
Mr. Coleridge, properly enough, does not pronounce very decidedly on the great crux of his grandfather's repeated declaration, in various forms, that if he did not finish "Christabel" it was not in the least because he did not know how to finish it. But it may be suspected that he thinks, as the present writer most assuredly does, that these declarations were "only his f-f-fun," and that at no time had anything like a complete argument or scenario of the poem existed in that marvellous and labyrinthine brain. The well-known sketch of the completion in Gillman's Life is simply "putid"—it would have ended the *mulier* so gloriously *formosa* of the first part in something much more worthless than any "fish." The singular *conversion* of the story for which Derwent Coleridge vouched, must, as his son says, "be received with respect," and it is not, as the other would have been, commonplace or feeble; but it does not seem at all in keeping with the beginning, and would appear to reflect a much later state of Coleridge's attitude to religion. But perhaps the strongest argument that there was no coherent and original plan is to be drawn from the remarkable difference between the actual first and second parts. No; there is no doubt that Coleridge's poetic faculty was, except in the single case of the "Ancient Mariner," a thing of shreds and patches, but of such shreds and such patches that for them one would be perfectly content to resign all architectonic, all plan, all fable whatsoever.

At the risk of being thought to echo "there is nothing like *leather*," I shall venture to suggest that Mr. Coleridge's treatment of the all-important point of the "Christabel" metre is a very little unsatisfactory. That he should find no gospel to comfort him in Dr. Schipper's "Viertaktig" and "Vierhebig" is indeed not wonderful; there is very little food for any hungry sheep in *them*. But that the "Christabel" metre is "a new departure"—a strange delusion even in the grandfather—is stranger in the grandson, and the reference to "L'Allegro," Shakespeare's songs, and "Tam-o'-Shanter" is stranger still. The principle of "L'Allegro" and that of "Tam-o'-Shanter" are quite different from the principle of "Christabel"; and though in Shakespeare's songs you can certainly find "Christabel" lines, they are put to suit music, and are never continuous. His continuous verse of the kind, as in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "Pericles," and elsewhere, is never Christabellian. The texts which prove that this "departure" was *not* "new" are, first, a group of Middle English writings which Coleridge could hardly know; and, secondly, the famous pieces in "The Shepherd's Kalendar," which he must have known perfectly well, and the character of which had been already detected by Gray. Indeed, Coleridge *may* have known Gray's remarks before "Christabel" was published, though hardly before it was written, seeing that the *Metrum* was printed by Mathias from MS. in 1814. With the real puzzle, therefore, Mr. Coleridge does not here deal: nor does he mention Chatterton's anticipation of the scheme. It is, as far as the "Kalendar" and "Christabel" are concerned, absolutely insoluble except on the supposition of a half-unconscious process of suggestion, of the beginning and source of which the artist was not conscious at all. That it was *to him* "a new departure," strange as it may seem, can be proved by a piece of evidence not open to any suspicion such as might attach to his own assertion. For the fact is that, splendid as are the effects that he gets out of the iambic, with anapaestic extension and substitution, he manages it with the uncertainty of touch which is natural to the experimenter. He is rather too prodigal occasionally of the unmixed anapaest, which disturbs the base of the measure. Not to mention that it is at least doubtfully wise to mix the trochaic shortening common and admirable in pieces of the "L'Allegro" type too freely with this anapaestic extension.

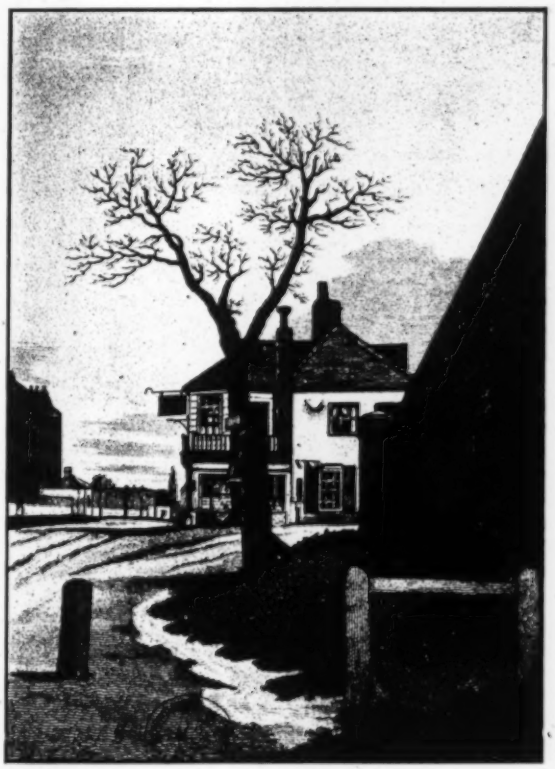
But if Mr. Coleridge has gone wrong or has come

The Parsonage House, Milston, Wiltshire.
Birthplace of Joseph Addison.

Holland House.
Where Addison lived after his marriage with the Countess of Warwick.


if you can find terms submissive enough to make
the humble Offers of my Duty acceptable to His
Majesty. May God Almighty preserve his person
and continue him for many years the Blessing of
these Kingdomes.'
I am with great Esteem and Respect

A portion of a letter written by Addison in 1714.



White Horse Inn.
A favourite resort of Addison, situated opposite Holland House.

Photo by James Soame. **Addison's Walk, Oxford.**

short here—and if he has, he has gone wrong or come short with the great majority of commentators, both on Coleridge and on Spenser—it is quite an exception. And some of the things which he has given, more particularly that astonishing anticipation—conclusion "Christobell [*sic*]: A Gothic Tale"—which appeared signed "V." in the *European Magazine* for April, 1815, a year before the real Simona Pura—are most welcome as "trimmings" to the poem itself. As to this oddity, guesses at authorship of such things in that period of mystification are idle enough. But Mr. Coleridge certainly has much justification for inclining to Hogg, especially if we remember that Hogg's mystifications were often really due, in whole or part, to persons much greater than the Shepherd himself.

Yet, after all, interesting as are the various puzzles directly and indirectly spread about the poem by Coleridge's mysterious and mystifying genius, their interest is but idle compared with that of the quality of this poem itself, and that, vastly less but still considerable, of the reception which it met. As for the latter point, the lesson is one of the first that should be impressed on all students and all practitioners of criticism. If—of which there is unluckily little doubt—the *Edinburgh* and *Examiner* reviews were the work of Hazlitt, they are, of course, the most signal instance, though very far indeed from being the only one, of the way in which the Black Horseman of personal and political bad blood got the better of the White with that almost greatest and quite most untrustworthy of critics. But Hazlitt did not stand alone in his censure, though he may have stood alone in his motives for it, and in the disgrace which he deserves for it. The *Champion*—it is another of Mr. Coleridge's good deeds that he has collected these precious utterances for us once more and put them on easy record—thought "Christabel" "a hoax," or "a slap in the face"; the *Eclectic* was "disappointed" (Heaven only knows what it expected!); the *Anti-Jacobin*, "if it had not known Coleridge to be a man of genius and talents, would have thought him destitute of both"; the *British* supposed the poet wished to make fools of the public; the *Monthly* was pure La Harpe on the occasion—"extravagant, but not ingenious," "rude, unfashioned stuff," "every principle of correct writing long given up," "wildest nonsense," etc. And this, let it be remembered, was all but twenty years after the "Lyrical Ballads" had summoned the public to wake from its long poetic or non-poetic sleep—more than ten years since the true nature of poetry had been once more exhibited to it in doses suited for poetic children by Scott, and cleverly adjusted by him and Byron and others to the growing infants. Yet, by the exponents of public opinion, at any rate, the food had not been digested, the lesson had not been learnt. And what makes the thing more curious is that, as we may see from these very reviews, Coleridge had in a way in which Wordsworth had not—in a way, too which must still be pronounced not a little mysterious—got himself accepted by the world as a man of genius. They did not exactly doubt the tree; but they would not have the fruits!

Of course, in this particular fruit there were things to disgust green or jaded tastes, and to disorder weak stomachs. Aristotle was a clever man—as Lord Frederick Verisopht observed of Shakespeare—and his cleverness was perhaps never better shown than in his insistence on the importance of subject and fable. For the general, this importance is doubtless great; they love a thing exactly scheduled, carefully laid out, with correspondent beds and alleys, neatly finished off. Now "Christabel" is the very reverse of this; it has an abrupt beginning, never afterwards explained, no middle, no end, and parts not only not cleverly connected with each other, but, as they appear, very badly joined, if joined at all. Its general fashion, though divulged by Scott's innocent plagiarism ten years earlier, claimed to be novel, and was sure to be thought a dangerous innovation by pedants. It outraged common sense. It appealed to senses and appetites for natural and supernatural beauty which were as yet undeveloped. It lent itself in detail to endless sarcastic criticism, not always quite undeserved—for instance, the general reading (*not* that of this MS.) "I'm better now" of Geraldine's utterance is one of the most egregious examples of the bathos to be found in the higher poetry.

But—it *was* that higher poetry, and an instance of the highest: in fact, of that faultlessly faulty Sublime which was destined to recover its just supremacy over the faultily faultless Not-Sublime. Those to whom it came and who knew what poetry was, knew it; and the others did not matter. For there is no Poetry but Poetry; and the prophet of Poetry is Metre.

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

JUNE, 1907.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and the address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS of the month is offered for the best list of six epigrams from English verse.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best list of six examples of Addison's irony. The quotations must be brief, and three must be from the *Tatler* and three from the *Spectator*.

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free*

From a drawing by Hogarth.

In Button's Coffee House.

Joseph Addison.

Statue of Addison in Westminster Abbey.

for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR MAY.

I.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best Shakespearean quotation has been gained by Mr. A. R. CRIPPS, Wellington Park Road, Parkstone.

MR. SHAW'S ANTICS. BY ALFRED NOYES.
"If you will give me leave, I will tread this unbolted villain into mortar." —*Lear*, II., 2, 69.

Among other quotations submitted were :—

HER LADYSHIP'S SILENCE. BY MARIE LEIGHTON.
"Strange and unnatural."
—*Hamlet*, I., 5, 28.
(R. L. HUSSEY, Temple Row, Birmingham.)

A LITTLE BROWN MOUSE. BY MADAME ALBANESI.
"I'd rather be a kitten and call mew."
—1 *Henry IV.*, III., 1, 128.
(Miss K. ABBOTT, Tichmarsh, Thrapston.)

BESIDE STILL WATERS. BY A. C. BENSON.
"Fie! now you run this humour out of breath."
—*Comedy of Errors*, III., 2.
(H. CABY, Sherboro' House, Newmarket.)

DRAMATIC OPINIONS. BY BERNARD SHAW.
"Masters, remember that I am an ass!"
—*Much Ado*, IV., 2.
(F. Y. WALTERS, 68, Maple Terrace, Newcastle-on-Tyne.)

THE LIFE OF SIR TOBIE MATTHEW.
BY HIS KINSMAN, A. H. MATTHEW.
"Ask for my kinsman Toby."
—*Twelfth Night*, II., 5, 61.
(M. M. SNOW and R. F. COBBOLD.)

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS for the three best poetical descriptions of Childhood has been gained by L. WELBY, Maycroft, Shanklin, Isle of Wight.

I.

"'Twas on a Holy Thursday, their innocent faces clean,
Came children walking two and two, in red, and blue, and green;
Grey-headed beadles walked before, with wands as white as snow,
Till into the high dome of Paul's they like Thames waters flow.

Oh, what a multitude they seemed, these flowers of London Town!
Seated in companies they sit, with radiance all their own.
The hum of multitudes was there, but multitudes of lambs,
Thousands of little boys and girls raising their innocent hands.

Now like a mighty wind they raise to heaven the voice of song,
Or like harmonious thunderings the seats of heaven among:
—William Blake.

II.

"A little child, a limber elf,
Singing, dancing to itself,
A fairy thing with red round cheeks,
That always finds, and never seeks."
—S. T. Coleridge.

III.

"Little hands so glad of giving,
Little heart so glad of love,
Little soul so glad of living,
While the strong swift hours are weaving
Light with darkness woven above,
Time for mirth and time for grieving,
Plume of raven and plume of dove."
—A. C. Swinburne.

Excellent passages were submitted by WALTER HEWETT, Lee, Kent; Miss B. O. ANDERSON, and V. L. WRENCH, the Leys, Banbury.

III.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best six poetical quotations that describe their authors has been awarded to Miss E. ALLEN, 312, Mansfield Road, Nottingham.

We regret that, owing to lack of space, we cannot print the winning quotations.

IV.—The PRIZE OF A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION to THE BOOKMAN has been awarded to Mr. J. G. MANNERING, 26, Queen's Road, Norwich.

IAN MACLAREN.

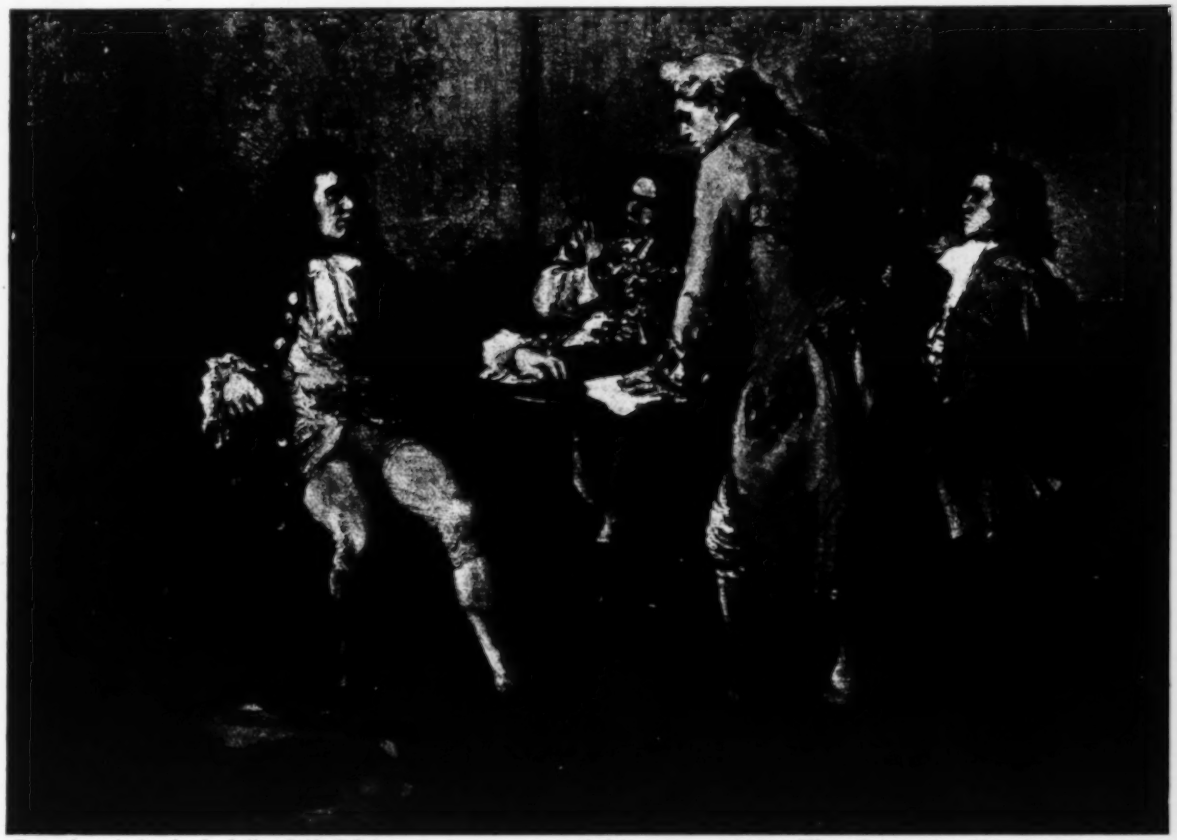
BY WILLIAM WALLACE.

SOME years ago I had a long talk on literature and life with Dr. Watson, in the house of Professor Stalker, then resident in Glasgow. From that talk I gathered an impression of the man and of the secret of his literary work, which I have never seen reason to depart from. I came to the conclusion that boyishness, with its self-confidence and its insatiable love of novelty and of things worth laughing at, was his strength, and perhaps also, in a less degree, his weakness. When, later, I saw him in London, he had become a popular theologian and a man of (ecclesiastical) affairs; but he was still the boy. Indeed, I should say that while his strength lay in the writing of "the short and simple annals of the poor," he gave even more of his heart to the writing of stories for and about boys. The last sketch of his that I read—I think it was in the *Windsor Magazine*—told of the struggles of a maiden lady who finds it somewhat difficult to keep up with the times as a teacher of boys, and who is rendered happy for life by the exertions of old pupils. Scott implored Lockhart to be "a good man"; Watson—even more than Ian Maclaren—implored "young barbarians" generally to be good boys to the end of their chapter. He struck me as a boy even in his private story-telling, which was admirable; he narrated a good thing with the relish with which, under other circumstances and in his teens, he might have informed a chum of the discovery of a rare bird's nest. Eupeptic, energetic, with the eupepticity and energy of a hardy, honourable, and, in every sense, well-brought up boy, Watson was bound to be an all-round successful man. Perhaps also he was bound, like Dickens, to overdo certain things, and to exhaust his resources of nerve strength. He made two visits to America; he should have been contented with one.

They say that the Kailyard is played out. Reality, even realism, is never vanquished by a phrase of impatience or contempt. The Scottish sociologist of the future will find it quite as necessary to read "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush" as to read Galt, Scott, Mrs. Oliphant, William Black, and Douglas Brown, if he wishes to understand the evolution of Scottish character. Ian Maclaren's sermon-tasters and quietly pious farmers did exist fifty years ago, probably still exist in Arran and the Northern Highlands. I was sceptical, when his first book came out, of the reality of Dr. Maclure and his unselfishness. When I met Dr. Watson in Glasgow I expressed this scepticism. He

After a painting by C. R. Leslie, R.A.

Sir Roger de Coverley going to Church.



From the painting by G. Ogilvy Reid, R.S.A.

Addison reciting "The Campaign" to his friends.

(Reproduced by kind permission of Mr. Archibald Ramsden, owner of the copyright.)

told me that I was quite wrong; that he had an intimate knowledge of Dr. Maclure; and that the only feature of the old man's character which he had omitted to give was his partiality for an "occasional dram." I remember answering weakly that that made all the difference; that magnanimity which is steeped in whisky is not the genuine article. He assured me that there also I was in error, and from other sources I have learned that Maclure was quite what his biographer's friendly fancy has painted.

But it must be remembered that Ian Maclaren was a born humorist and preacher as well as realist. I recall the delight—quite boyish of course, but untinctured with anything suggestive of "swelled head"—with which he told me how medical men in Liverpool had privately, and, if I mistake not, also publicly, thanked him for having done justice, through the creation of Dr. Maclure, to that special altruism which is almost inevitably developed by the exercise of their profession. Hillocks, the resolutely independent farmer, who successfully refuses to "thole a factor's snash," is no less real than the Doctor; his twin brother is an acquaintance of my own. But Watson could not help preaching "religion in common life" through his creations in the character of Ian Maclaren. His practical ethic was Thomson's

> "Attach thee firmly to the virtuous deeds
> And offices of life—to life itself—
> And all its transient joys sit loose."

If Watson occasionally sank the artist in the preacher, he may be forgiven. In a period when we are undoubtedly too apt to regard sheer Dumbiedykes devotion to hard and heart-hardening cash as "common sense" and "level-headedness," Ian Maclaren's fidelity to idealised reality is as legitimate art as Mr. Barrie's child-like and persistent fidelity to fantasy. I do not say that "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush" will, like "A Window in Thrums," live for ever, but it will be studied as "The Provost" is studied. Nay, a reaction in its favour will take place soon. Ian Maclaren deserves, and will have, imitators as well as disciples. Surely the struggle which succeeded the latest and greatest but possibly not last Presbyterian Union is an affair of human hearts, self-sacrifice, and suffering, as well as of litigation, vituperation, and "allocation"! When I wish to revive my knowledge of the "Ten Years' Conflict" I read "The Disruption," and always wish that it had been better written. Is it idle to dream that the second "Ten Years' Conflict" will some day give us a second and more finished "Disruption"?

If Scotland is ever to produce a greater Galt, he will certainly require to have a generous measure of Ian Maclaren's kindly and twinkling humour. I emphasize "kindly," because Watson had almost as great a passion—failing if you will—for "happy endings" as Scott himself. He generally "skirts the howling wilderness" of tragedy; the death of the Laud o' Pairts is happier than most lives; the passing of Dr. Maclure is an almost irritatingly protracted euthanasia. This means merely, however, that Ian Maclaren had the courage of his likes, and unconsciously, or at least half-consciously, made his facts square with them, as he was quite entitled to do. In other words, he was true to his warmest nature. What Mr. Raleigh has said of Shakespeare—speaking perhaps from the heart rather than the head—may certainly be said of Watson: "The simple pieties of life were at all times dearest to him. He was never uprooted from the place of his nativity, nor deceived by the spirits of his own raising." We are far too ready to believe that Zolaism is scientifically true to fact. I no longer believe it is; the weakness of that undoubtedly powerful book, "The House with the Green Shutters," lies in the fact that the scoundrels, at their worst—and they are never anything else—are *not* human documents. Good nature, in the form of kindly humour, rules the roost, and, I would fain believe, even the slum. Whoever does not possess the virtue of good nature ought to assume it. Destitute of it, Tolstoi is the most magnificently incompetent critic of Shakespeare the world has seen; had he possessed it, he would have been the Shakespeare of the twentieth century. It is to Hardyesque villages in England and Scotland that one must go for men who, having leisure to mellow into "characters," talk like Lear and the Fool. There is still living in my native village a poacher—for all I know to the contrary, he is still doing a quiet bit of poaching, although he must be over ninety—who, the last time I met him, out-Leared Lear in his comments on the weather. Ian Maclaren has done a distinct service, not only to Scotland but to literature, by preserving, in the spirits of a kindly and triumphant optimism, the apparently incredible moral realities of a social life that would have been hopelessly dreary and utterly lacking in dignity, had it not been pervaded by spirituality. Some of his characters may shed too many tears; but, alike in fiction and in fact, it is better to shed tears than to shed the habits that are the product of conscience-worship.

THE STORIES OF IAN MACLAREN.

By JAMES MOFFATT.

IN his Irish Sketch Book Thackeray somewhere describes a coach-drive from Glenarm to Cushendall, along the northern coast. The novelist was admiring the cliffs, and eventually informed one of the passengers, a grocer, that the thin waving grass at their base looked like mermaids' hair. The grocer was not struck with the simile. Mermaids were not in his line. Nor, for the matter of that, was Irish scenery. He had higher interests, and in a moment nudged the novelist, crying, "*Look on to this side—that's Scotland yon.*" The worthy grocer! What were pseudo-classical similes to a sight of the blue, far, Scotch hills across the sea?

Can one say as much of Ian Maclaren's enjoyable

Scottish stories? Would it be fair to point them out to a stranger as an adequate presentment of certain phases in rural Scotland? It is a question which can only be answered out of some study of their literary form, and the first result of such a study is the conviction that these books are collections of stories, not novels. Latterly, the author took to writing longer romances. But his real vein is not the management of a plot. It is in individual character, rather than in the development of a set of characters, that his strength lies. The delineation of well-marked types of rural human nature, caught in some characteristic poise, is the work in which he feels most at home, and this gift determines largely the contents as well as the form of what he has written. One of the most amusing misjudgments ever passed on him was by the *Saturday Review*, which, with a lapse into civility, actually declared that "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush" recalled "the work of Galt in its breadth of humour and strong characterisation." This might conceivably apply to the Galt of the "Ayrshire Legatees" and "Annals of the Parish," but even so it is a verdict which misses the entire value of Ian Maclaren's literary work. It was in the restrictions of his humour and characterisation that his charm and strength lay. He was not a novelist. He had not the powers of dramatic construction necessary for such work, much less the abounding, questing versatility of the Irvine writer. It is in other directions that one must look for the virtues and the prototypes of his stories.

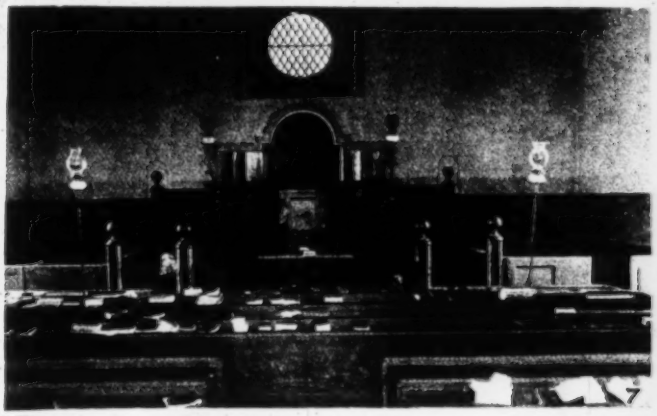
The late Rev. John Watson ("Ian Maclaren").

They are obviously the stories of a born *raconteur*, who has always a story to tell and falls off the further he gets away from it. The author has the rare knack of seeing the vital, sparkling points in a situation, and the salient characteristics of a personality. These he manages somehow to disentangle from the mass of subordinate, conventional, and less telling details which an inferior writer would think it necessary to reproduce; and it is by means of this insight, born of a zest for life in its odd variety and originality, that he writes stories which, judged from the literary standpoint, are superior to the more conscientious labours of men who take a wider, deeper survey of the field. Compare, for example, Ian Maclaren's tales with those of Mr. Malcolm McLennan, one of his predecessors. McLennan also wrote of Perthshire farms and rustic life; Glenaldie was his Drumtochty, and the two volumes which he published of "Peasant Life in the North" gave many English readers for the first time an intimate perception into the homely humour and local tragedy of the common people. He wrote with an avowed purpose of eliciting sympathy for the country peasant. "The working man of our cities has ample attention. I think he has been too much made of. I entreat attention for a class whose mute endurance and patient suffering and toil, from age to age, are sufficient guarantees that humane consideration and ample sympathy for them will involve small risk of spoiling either their heads or hearts." McLennan's volumes, which appeared in 1869 and 1872, are readable still. Only, they never won the ear of the outside world. They were thoughtful, painstaking studies, more balanced and analytic than any of the Kailyard school, more valuable, one may add, to the ethnologist and historian; but they lacked the story-telling quality. They had little concentration and grip. Ian Maclaren could not have written tales like "Muckle Jock" and "Widow Macraw," or even "Baubie Huie's Bastard Geet"—Dr. William Alexander's poignant little sketch—but he had the brilliant saving sense of a situation, and a crisp faculty of delineation, which lifted his shorter stories or studies at once into the general heart of the public. It was no accidental popularity. For the public knows a story-teller as it knows a speaker; "knows," that is, in the sense of appreciation. The one may have superiors in information and literary skill, just as the other has in intellect or character. Yet the *raconteur*, like the orator, will have his own delighted audience, and the sensible among them will be content to take him as he is, since the gift of story-telling is as rare and inexplicable as that of eloquence. They will not attempt to apply irrelevant standards to his productions. They will not object to him studying

sea-anemones and crabs in a pool among the rocks, while others are sailing with the herring-fleet out of the harbour.

For one thing, the *raconteur* must be allowed to take his own line and choose his own subjects. He can only vitalise what appeals to him. Ian Maclaren's characters belong to the little Scottish world he had learnt to know as a clergyman, and even in that small world he left out several genuine types. Farmers, factors, schoolmasters, servants, ministers, and shopkeepers cross and re-cross his pages, with the inimitable "Posty" and Dr. Maclure. But we have no gardener, such as Stevenson has drawn. Nor is there any representative of the dour, quarrelsome Scot, ever arguing and wrangling. Carlyle describes Brother Samson going on a pilgrimage to Rome and adopting the guise of a Scotchman, in order to pass through the hazards of the road. "I put on the garb of a Scotsman," says the good brother, "and taking the gesture of one, walked along; and when anybody mocked at me, I would brandish my staff, uttering comminatory words after the way of the Scotch." Like Scotch love, Scotch travelling was evidently "aye fechtin'" in these days, and the habit was not dropped at home. But Ian Maclaren's idylls are of a law-abiding, pacific folk, viewed mainly through the windows of the manse. The writer's standpoint gives a unity of impression to these inimitable sketches. The atmosphere is unchanged throughout, and the reader is not troubled with dramatic shifts, to which he has painfully to accustom himself. The volumes, too, have all the charm of sympathy and close knowledge, so that their very limitation of interest adds on the whole to their effectiveness as literature. At the same time, you cannot honestly say of them, "Yon's Scotland!" Acid rather than acute critics, who may be as well acquainted with rural Scotch religion as Mr. Bernard Shaw with the interior of Morocco, have challenged outright the veracity of the religious and moral features in the Drumtochty idylls, and it must be allowed that while the author has usually drawn from the life, he has been careful to colour his sketches before printing them. They are not plain photographs. He was too good an artist for that. Scottish rustic talk does not tally with that of the Drumtochty natives, who, like the Wessex rustics of Mr. Hardy, have seldom or never dull moments; their conversation in these books is heightened, for effect's sake. Nor do innocence and hayricks, as Macaulay protested, go together always. The swinishness, the gross humours, the strain of fatalism, which lie in the country character, do not appear in their true proportions in their writer's sketches, nor, on the other hand, does religion play quite so prominent a rôle as readers might surmise from these vignettes of Scottish life. The religious and literary interests of the peasantry are indeed apt to be missed by one who does not bring the seeing eye of sympathy. But this feature has been set in perhaps too roseate hues by Ian Maclaren. He has caught admirably the salient phases of the people, their eccentricities, self-importance, reticence, and loyalties, and reproduced these with a shrewd though kindly humour, a wonderfully gentle idealism, and an affectionate playfulness, which have rightly won wide and generous approbation. Yet the omissions of the picture must not be forgotten. For the sore problems of agricultural life, the superstitions, the half-exorcised paganism, the prejudices, the discontent, the sodden level of thought and feeling, the pettiness of interest, the connexion between mean habits and social morality—for these and other depressing but vital points in rustic life, one must look beyond the golden frames of "The Bonnie Brier Bush" and "The Days of Auld Lang Syne." Barbie is Scotch as well as Drumtochty, and none knew better than Ian Maclaren the right of the former to a canvas in the Scotch rural gallery.

With more justice, perhaps, one may take exception to the rather luscious emphasis on the sentimental aspects of human nature. The pathos is at several points hopelessly overdone, notably in "A Servant Lass" and in some portions of "The Transformation of Lachlan Campbell." The poignant facts are not allowed to make their natural impression on the reader. He is conscious of the artist at his side, managing the stage-effect. When Prospero, in "The Tempest," wishes to make Ferdinand and Miranda fall in love with one another, he is content to bring them together and let Nature do the rest. He is shrewd enough to keep his deft charms and spells away. For other work they may be necessary, but here they would be worse than irrelevant. Even Ariel must not interpose. Since the quick and real appreciation, which he wishes to spring up between Miranda and the young Neapolitan, would only be spoiled by any artificial attempt to heighten its effect, Miranda's charms are left to do their own work, and Ferdinand has no adventitious glamour thrown round his form. Many a writer of high rank lacks the wisdom of old Prospero. He does not trust Nature enough. He does not realise that if you let Nature alone, it will come home, like the animals of the rhyme. He wants to move the reader to fall in love with some character, or to weep over some incident; and, instead of believing that it is enough to depict the latter simply and naturally, he casts about for some meretricious spell to induce or prolong the emotional thrill. There is a tendency of this kind to be felt occasionally in Ian Maclaren's pages. He sees so much in a pathetic situation that he is apt to improve it, and to make it "improving." The reader is not left alone with the grim, tragic facts, or the homely sorrow of the scene. The author, instead of standing back, rather keeps at the elbow and ear of his audience, throws a lime-light ray now and again upon the situation, and creates a consciousness of artistic posing which is fatal to the highest literary effect. Dickens was notoriously guilty of this. But in a long novel, like "The Old Curiosity Shop" or "Dombey and Son," such lapses are relieved by the broad, varied play of life, whereas, in a volume of short sketches, there is less to reduce the feeling of irritation which such recourse to deliberately tearful processes raises in the average mind. Not all the pathetic episodes are marred by this inartistic attitude. There is genuine work in some of them. But one is re-



1. Drumtochty Free Kirk and Manse.
2. Ian Maclaren.
3. The Minister's Study, Drumtochty Free Kirk and Manse.
4. Drumtochty Village.
5. "Kildrummie" (Methven).
6. Birthplace of Ian Maclaren at Manningtree, Essex.
7. Lethendy Free Kirk,
   Where Ian Maclaren preached his first sermon.

Photos by Allan Blair.

peatedly conscious, in approaching some tender or tragic passage, that the author is deliberately arranging the stage in order to work up the situation and work upon his readers' feelings.

In a word, the humour seems generally more unbidden and direct than the pathos in these vignettes. Take the witty, sick Jamie Soutar's visit from Milton, the Pharisaic incomer whose home was in Muirtown:—"Wud ye like me tae read something?" begins Milton again. "A've a fine tract here, 'A Sandy Foundation'; it's verra searchin' an' rousin'," an' he pits on his glesses. "Thank ye," says Jamie, "but thae tracts are ower deep for a simple man like masel'; the Bible dis for me graund. A've a favourite passage; noo, if ye didna mind readin't, it wud be a comfort. Turn tae the 23rd o' Matthew, an' it'll dae fine gin ye begin at the 13th verse, 'Woe unto ye, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites,'" an' as sure as a'm lookin' at ye, Drumsheugh [it is Mrs. MacFadyen who tells the joyful tale], Jamie garr'd Milton feenish the chapter, an' ilka time heepocrites wud come he wud say tae himsel' "Maist comfortin'," till a' hed tae gae ootside. He wes a veecious cratur, Jamie, when he hed an ill-wull tae a body. When a' cam in, Milton hed been wantin' tae pray, an' Jamie wes layin' doon three condeetions. "First, ye maunna screich (scream), for that wud gae through ma head; secondly"—juist like a sermon—"ye're no tae gang wanderin' aifter the Jews or ony orra fouk; an' laist, there's tae be naething personal, for a' wud coont that doonricht impidence." "A'm astonished at ye," says Milton; "hoo cud ye expeck a blessin' on sic a prayer?"—This pawky, dry humour is of the soil. There has been no attempt to mellow or modify it. Nothing truer occurs in these volumes than the abounding examples of the dry, racy wit of the country-folk, especially when it is whetted either by the shallow smartness of English tourists or the inconsistencies of local religious people. Here we need no author's nudge, to call our attention to the vivid imagination and insight which lie behind such pages of bright colour. The discerning reader nudges himself, and protests, "Yon's Scotland!"

New Books.

PROFESSOR RALEIGH ON SHAKESPEARE.*

In endeavouring to reconcile Maupertuis and Voltaire Frederick the Great spoke of the debt that two Frenchmen owed each other. "Two Frenchmen!" Voltaire broke out; "let me tell you, sir, that if two Frenchmen were to meet at the other end of the world, one would have to eat the other; it is the law of nature!" The feuds and rancours of great Shakespeare interpreters in time past have lent a certain colour to the supposition that a similar anthropophagous law is bound to obtain among Shakespeare critics. The last in the field must clear a place for himself by assassinating all his nearest critical relatives. So we find one sonnet theory swallowing a dozen predecessors at one gulp, and the theory of Shakespeare the self-conscious craftsman annihilating the venerable notion of Shakespeare as an inspired natural. Scholars and artists, bookmen and actors, philologers and moralists have fought so many battles on Shakespeare's territory that the Press has been unable to restrain a sensational shout whenever a newly armed champion has come upon the stricken field. The Press, of course, is always in a hurry, and if you want to get the last verdict upon Shakespeare on to a ticker-tape you must be incisive. The linotype wants to settle Shakespeare once for all. It wants a compact, final, authoritative book, and there an end. Instead of showing clearly how inevitable it is that a book on Shakespeare to be any good at all must be the resultant of the best critical energy already expended upon the subject, it emphasises the antagonistic element. A good writer will necessarily react against exaggerated tendencies in recent Shakespeare criticism, and he will be original on his own account; but he cannot with impunity neglect the foundations slowly fabricated by two centuries of specialists. By his delightful irony in regard to some of the ecstasies of Shakespeare enthusiasts—such as the cheerful botanists who set out with such confidence to tell us the species and variety of the dramatist's "insane root"—Mr. Raleigh has given rather a dangerous handle to the summary gentlemen who imagine that the main purpose of his book is to be found in the mending or ending of the foolish old ways of Shakespeare criticism. What does the Life of Shakespeare matter? these wiseacres have already begun to exclaim. Multiply Aubrey's details as much as you like, tell us what sort of boots Shakespeare wore, on what side of the bed he slept, whether he liked veal, and how many letters there were in his leases—and what sort of good is it all? Count syllables, search black-letter story-books, multiply epithets, and subdivide periods! Dullards and dry-as-dusts, druggists and herbalists, entomologists and flunkeys (excellent, flunkeys) your day is done! Mr. Raleigh's book has rung the knell of all your loudly advertised labour. Labour!—activity rather of headless ants running about an anthill and imagining they were building a causeway. A time there was which most of us can probably remember when every young lady fresh from college was set to "work" at Shakespeare; and it was deemed well within the limit of the meanest capacity to obtain important "results." With a reel of pack-thread and a metronome, or a Cotgrave and a card-catalogue, statistics of the most abstract kind were accumulated. These Shakespeare-geometers ludicrously over-valued their labours, the application of which they often spoke of as if it had been direct, instead of remote and indirect in the farthest degree. How much expensive work has been done except under a delusion of a similar kind? But their zeal, after all, was almost grand in its short-sighted disinterestedness; nor was it by any means wholly wasted. A small amount was well directed and fruitful. From it and work like it, ridiculous often in its particular details, but momentous in its aggregate volume when directed by original talent, we have got a greatly improved text of Shakespeare, the division of the plays into acts, scenes and times, a good workable, chronological order for the plays, and a knowledge of the materials and sources that Shakespeare worked upon. No amount of intuitional genius would have produced these results. Coleridge actually imagined that the "Tempest" was an early play, perhaps the earliest, and "Two Gentlemen of Verona" near the last. The work of insects has built up a reef which protects us from a thousand absurdities to which "divining genius" was ludicrously prone. It is a graceless exercise to strike these animalcules with our irony and topple them over into their native absurdity, while all the time we are listening with nervous intentness lest we should be found guilty of not knowing their latest arithmetical results. So, even with Shakespeare biography. It may be no more than a respectable scrap-heap at the present moment. But it has the quality of a cairn, it is continually growing. The pebbles will steadily accumulate, skilful hands will model and shape the pile, and finally may not the divining touch come even here and illuminate the literary landscape far and wide? The moment, the milieu, the life—these are not the mere

* "English Men of Letters." Shakespeare. By Walter Raleigh, Professor of English Literature in Oxford University. 2s. net. (Macmillan.)

idols of latter-day criticism, but most vital and most potent factors in fathoming the azure secrets of expression. Mr. Dicey tells us in his interesting study of Cavour that a well-informed contemporary biographer of the Italian statesman commenced by stating that, according to one version, the subject of his memoir was of ancient family and lineage: according to another he was the son of a small tradesman at Nice: but that, as the matter was of no importance, the writer had not taken the trouble to enquire which of the two versions was the correct one. This exactly represents the old attitude towards the biography of all great men of letters. Biography, even when so innutritive in essentials as that of Shakespeare, has a negative value, and protects us from many absurdities. It is not lack of imagination which has led men of the highest ability to try and wrest a semblance of greatness out of the arid material that parchment has yielded in addition to Betterton's string-bag of ill-assorted anecdotes. On the contrary, there is something noble, and indeed almost mystical in a devotion, the outward and visible ingredients of which are necessarily so frugal.

No one probably would recognise all this more fully and genially than Mr. Raleigh. No one is in a better position to do so. For his book is the essence of innumerable others—books of all sorts, sizes, ages and qualities; and he is not the man to disdain the simples from which the finer compounds are extracted. The above remarks, therefore, are not addressed to him, but are intended to discount the ecstasies of those indiscreet advocates of a free treatment of Shakespeare, who have found justification in some of Mr. Raleigh's witticisms for the erroneous idea that Shakespeare is to be studied no more, and that the laborious investigation of his meaning and full significance has been demonstrated a quackery and an imposture.

This is not inconsistent with maintaining as the first and most indispensable article of the true Shakespeare creed that to know Shakespeare at all it is necessary above all things to know something of life. Nor shall we dissent from Mr. Raleigh when he says that the rapid, alert reading of one of the great plays brings us nearer to the heart of Shakespeare than all the faithful and laudable business of the antiquary and the commentator. Inscrutable to a remarkable degree the dramatist is, yet is he not entirely hidden in his plays. It is true that a theory has been set up to the contrary effect; but from a theory so inhuman and benumbing a critic usually so sceptical as the late Sir Leslie Stephen has not been able to restrain a powerful instinct of revolt. Matthew Arnold may be quoted on the opposite side, and Dr. Sidney Lee has sought to close the discussion by unmasking some heavy ordnance of Browning. In his poem, "At the Mermaid," he represents Shakespeare as a man of two scrolls, one his life, the other his work;—in water-tight compartments, with a bulkhead between them. But one is not going to believe a miracle merely because it is not in the Bible and because Robert Browning attests it. On a particular point we can never know whether a poet be feigning or no, and Browning may quite well have been bluffing when he made this magisterial utterance. But a great poet can hardly feign the whole cast of his thought. Great plays are not written round subjects indifferent to the mind of their creator. Thoughts that flash from brain to brain and illumine the whole horizon of the mind are not originated in cold blood. Let them be as small as you can imagine them, yet one tiny speck of observation and one tiny flush of auto-reminiscence are the two indispensable ova of every original artistic creation. No two sums of consciousness, no two aggregates of human experience are exactly alike at any one single point. But there are moods and moments of rapprochement, and these are seized upon by the master mind to effect the necessary transportation. Here we shall seek for the inevitable points of communication between the artist's life and the artist's work, and here with the aid of some responsive divination we shall unquestionably find them. Contrariwise, unless our study of the Life is of some use in interpreting artistic production, literary biography must in the last analysis prove almost valueless—a conclusion from which I am sure Mr. Lee would be the first to recoil. Where I cannot follow Mr. Raleigh is in his contention that Shakespeare unlocked his secret more unguardedly in his poems than in his plays. The sonnets were circulated among private friends. Surely, says Mr. Raleigh, not without the secret. To which I object, surely not with it. Comparison of the only two poets of the Elizabethan age who produced love poetry in which the true note of absolute passion is struck (Shakespeare and Donne) reveals the significant fact that while Donne seems sometimes to set down his impressions hot and crude, in Shakespeare the passion is always mastered by the artist.

Regarded as a whole, I think that the conclusion to which the majority of readers who return to Mr. Raleigh's Shakespeare will arrive, is that it is more brilliant than orderly. It leaps (as does Mr. Swinburne) from one of Shakespeare's most resplendent traits to another, and seems if possible to enhance our estimation of them. The necessity of giving an incomplete summary now of the poet's life, now of his diction and again of the theatre of his time, drags Mr. Raleigh's soaring wit down occasionally to a semblance of sketchiness, or at any rate of tantalising brevity. His protests against the repetitions of the scribes, and the phylacteries of the pharisees of Shakespeare criticism, his reprobation of labels and liturgies, are conducive to healthy laughter. He himself is a Brownist who says that every man must be his own Shakespeare critic and establisn his own independent personal relation with the poet. Shakespeare is the cunningest of craftsmen, and we cannot collect ourselves, or classify ourselves, or photograph ourselves, or microscopise ourselves into an understanding of such an artist. To fathom a diction, so exuberant that almost every word is a picture, we must sink a plummet, not in a thesaurus, but in our own imaginations. Master of proverbs, tags, catches, and incantations, the poet's full-armoured style was a slow growth, becoming eventually, like his wisdom, a rich incrustation. Strange superstitions make of the dramatist a learned man, and a man incapable of hasty or careless work. The fierce strain that Shakespeare puts upon his readers serves to show that the central drama of his mind is the tragedy of the life of the imagination. The tradition of geniality is finely touched (14), an eloquent enumeration deals with the play-openings (123, cf. 126, 134), there are splendid passages on the growth of tragedy (132, cf 161), on the swarming opulence of images (24), on the very human peccability of Shakespeare's *jolis garçons* (140), on the comic shapelessness of some of the playwright's plots (142-3), and on the Christmas-card censures that have been passed upon "Measure for Measure," to the accompaniment of the "tongs and bones of moralists and metaphysicians." English, French, German, American, Dutch have all alike tried to frame Shakespeare in their own image, and most of them have tried their hardest to deduce copy-book from one "impossible as a teacher," but "the wonder of the world." Shakespeare's men "cannot compare with his women for practical genius." Desdemona is "heavenly true," Cordelia not without "that touch of obstinacy which is often found in very pure and unselfish natures." There is a delicate compliment to "the lesser people," Osric and Barnardine, presented by Shakespeare to his audience, "a perfect gratuity." The farthest reach of all, to my mind, may be found in the rather awful theory of retributive virtue in Shakespeare. Othello, like Hamlet, suffers for his very virtues, and the noblest qualities of his mind are made the instruments of his crucifixion. . . . So with Desdemona. . . . "He points to no conclusion, unless it be this, that the greatest and loveliest virtues, surpassing the common measure, are not to be had for nothing. They must suffer for their greatness. In life they suffer silently, without fame. In Shakespeare's art they are made known to us, and wear their crown."

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

A BELATED CONFESSION.*

I could not have believed that Mr. Frederic Harrison's Apology for his Faith would have such an old-world flavour. But that is because—there is nothing like a paradoxical reason for a surprise—I had myself such an old-world conception of Mr. Harrison. Five and thirty years ago an idea of his personality was formed in my mind, and like Sophistes in his Socratic Dialogue I have clung to the idea while it has been gradually divested of all relation to fact. It was the Idea of one who is in perfect touch with the throbbing life of Humanity, who is in the forefront of the world's movement, who is the spear-head of progress.

* "The Creed of a Layman: Apologia pro Fide Mea." By Frederic Harrison. 7s. 6d. (Macmillan and Co.)

It was probably a mistake from the first, having as little to do with reality as the legends that we greedily swallowed about the mystic rites of the Church of Humanity in Chapel Street. From time to time there were hints that the humaner part of humanity was very small, that movements were going wrong, that the spear-head was detached from its shaft. Yet the idea survived.

It lives no longer. Mr. Harrison's own world has been standing at gaze for the last forty years, "like Joshua's moon at Ajalon." The bigger world, which is not under the control of Mr. Harrison, has meanwhile gone spinning down the ringing grooves of change, and the two worlds are now far asunder. Mr. Harrison complacently reprints his remarks on "Essays and Reviews," written forty-seven years ago, as a timely contribution to the Biblical studies of to-day. It is the oldest thing in his book, but it differs little from the newest, and there is not much that is even approximately new. His Valedictory Address, delivered at Newton Hall in 1902, was an eloquent record of twenty-one years during which the Positivist Society had been diligently standing still and admiring its own consistency.

The rest of the world had not been standing still. It had been going to the dogs at the most alarming rate. The European powers were bent on the extension of their Colonial possessions, and public opinion in England was plunging into a course of imperial aggrandisement; native races were everywhere crushed or demoralised, and one of the worst types of war, in the shape of irregular commercial conquest, was being substituted for the civilising influence of the stronger over the weaker nations. The Positivist Society had made incessant protests against such acts as the first Transvaal annexation, the occupation of Egypt, the repeated Nile campaigns, the conquest of the Soudan, the policy of France in Tunis, and continued aggression upon China. Such is the record. Mr. Harrison seems to have spent the best years of his life in the lamentable condition to which the worshippers of Mumbo Jumbo are reduced when they have to flog their god for his misbehaviour. The marvellous thing is that belief in the idol survives, that after thirty years of incessant girding at the insufferable ways of mankind, Mr. Harrison publishes an apology for his faith in Humanity. An apology indeed seems to be needed, but in another sense.

A slave to metaphysics might suppose that the object of worship is an ideal Humanity, free from the defilements of this naughty world, a Humanity which in a suprasensual range of being meditates eternally on the doctrines of Auguste Comte. But this will not do for Mr. Harrison. "Positivism," he says, "is always and in everything *Positive*. And Auguste Comte chose the word *Positive* to condense the seven ideas of *real—useful—certain—precise—organic—relative—sympathetic*." It is when we look for the real and useful Humanity, which is known with certainty and precision, which stands in organic relation to Mr. Harrison, and is therefore the object of his sympathetic worship—it is then that we feel at a loss. There is always a possibility that Mr. Harrison, like many others, is a metaphysician without being aware of it. There is also the lighter and more genial supposition that he is an amiable trifler, who cheerfully thinks that men at large are a very good sort, though a thoroughly bad lot. That, I believe, was a certain historian's estimate of Mary Stewart. It is also a fairly good description of Krishna, who is worshipped by some thousands of educated Hindus. Can it be that Mr. Harrison so conceives the Object of his Faith? His account of the genesis of that faith is illuminating. The study of Astronomy, Physics, and Biology impressed him with a sense of the infinitesimal littleness of man's earth in relation to the infinite Universe; simultaneously a deepening sense of the persistence of human action in the sum of civilisation drove out of his mind any yearning for celestial glory. Hence the worship of Humanity as it is. Behold this tiny insect crawling for a day on the surface of an insignificant planet: O come let us fall down and worship! Does Mr. Harrison really jest with us in this fashion?

A light and bantering manner is far from him, and none will say that he fails to take himself seriously; but when he talks of "poor dear old Maurice stammering through the story of Dinah," one feels that he might with advantage take some other men as seriously. One measure of his mind has some importance; he is persuaded that as a ritualistic schoolboy and undergraduate—the ritualism must have been very elementary in those days—he had plumbed the depths of Christianity. He has an amusing intolerance of any presentment of Christian doctrine which differs from what he then took in; he condemns it as dishonest adaptation and spurious equivocation. A greater man had the same weakness: "Real Christianity," said Huxley in militant mood, "is what I learnt at my mother's knee." It was perhaps a smaller man who said, after listening to a modern sermon: "My dear old grandmother's hell is good enough for me"; but the standpoint is the same. Not only is a fixed and immovable state of detailed opinion presumed—a thing impossible to man—but the comprehension of that opinion by a single boy or woman is taken as final. The word *positive* has more than one meaning.

T. A. LACEY.

PLATO FOR ENGLISH READERS.*

As the study of Greek itself declines, so the production of books which shall give to those who are not scholars some acquaintance with Greek literature seems perpetually on the increase. With the great poets, indeed, such an acquaintance can at best be only partial. The first six words of Homer—

Μῆνιν ἄειδε, θεά, Πηληιάδεω Ἀχιλῆος
οὐλομένην—

refuse in any version to convey the same effect as the text produces even on a schoolboy. The sublime majesty of Æschylus and the subtle art of Sophocles elude us in all versions, while the Euripides of Mr. Way is not more different from the Euripides of Mr. Murray than both are from the original. But with prose-writers it is otherwise. Herodotus and even Thucydides lose but little in an English dress; Aristotle probably profits by it; and the philosophy of Plato may be studied almost as intelligently in Jowett as in Stallbaum. A certain fine literary charm no doubt vanishes, for Plato's Greek, easy, humorous, pointed, eloquent and poetical by turns, seems exactly to shape itself to every changing impression of his artistic mood. But a translation can convey at least an adequate sense of the writer's tone and temper, while it can reproduce fully the solid substance of his arguments, so that an English reader may both enjoy and understand his dialogues. There is one thing, however, which Plato wholly repudiates. Every discourse, he tells us himself, should be a living organism (ζῷον), and his dialogues have each of them a definite design and a vital unity. To tear them into fragments is to destroy them, and those who cannot read a whole dialogue, or at least a large portion of one, had better not read Plato at all. But the editor of "The Pocket Plato" thinks differently. He has cut his author into snippets, and doses us with argument, as it were, in teaspoonfuls. With the aid of Jowett's translation and a pair of scissors he has added a new volume to the series of "Wayfaring Books," but it would be bold to prophesy that "the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein." There is not a word of preface or introduction, and the philosophic pilgrim will find no other guidance than such a sequence of headings as "Sin is Involuntary," "Love," and "Is Suicide Wrong?" so that on the whole he had better solace his wanderings with the variety column of a halfpenny newspaper.

The second volume, however, which remains to be noticed, is of a very different character. Just as an intelligent man after reading two pages of "The Pocket Plato" would restore it to its titular position, so he can read Mr. Lindsay's version of "The Republic" without weariness almost from beginning to end. Here and there he will wish either to skim or skip, for the "dialectic" method of eliciting truth may become as tedious as a cross-examination, but on the whole the argument carries the reader along as with a full tide, and when it seems to pause, it is only that the traveller may enjoy some new scene, some fresh vision of truth to which he has been conveyed. But to discuss "The Republic" is superfluous. All thought and all literature

* "The Pocket Plato." Edited by S. C. Woodhouse, M.A. pp. 245. 2s. 6d. (George Routledge and Sons.)
"The Republic of Plato." Translated with an Introduction, by A. D. Lindsay, M.A. pp. xxiii. + 369. 7s. 6d. net. (J. M. Dent and Co.)

are its debtors; it touches the whole of human life both from within and from without; the student of morals or of law, of education or politics, of logic or metaphysics, is equally concerned with it. Its ideas are of no age or country, and it is a book which is neither ancient nor modern, but for all time. The only question is whether there is need or room for a new version. The work of Davies and Vaughan is well known and, though somewhat formal in style, is on the whole excellent. Jowett's translation has become almost a classic, and has the advantage of a full and brilliant Introduction. What then has Mr. Lindsay to offer? Above all he has the gift of an admirable style. His English has a certain zest and vigour which delights. He detests technical and erudite expressions, but likes homespun words and simple speech, so that philosophy—exactly as Socrates would have desired—presents itself to us as something not outside everyday life or beyond the grasp of ordinary wits. How far he surpasses or falls short of the merit of his predecessors could only be estimated by a long and tedious examination, but the general impression, perhaps, that he leaves is that of being more lively and attractive. It is no effort but a pleasure to read his volume through, and on that ground alone it deserves success. Where it is deficient is in the Introduction, which is only sixteen pages long and in the main a summary of the dialogue. What the ordinary student wants is, firstly, a brief Introduction which will give him the large outlines of Plato's philosophic system, so that as he reads the text he can see the relation of particular arguments to the general scheme, and, secondly, a *marginal* summary attached to the separate chapters, which would be always at hand to serve him as a guide or clue wherever the reasoning became intricate and hard to follow. With such additional help the present version would make it at once easy and delightful for even a hasty reader to become acquainted with what is, perhaps, the greatest work of the greatest of philosophers.

T. E. PAGE.

From a drawing by Will Owen.

"He patted 'im on the shoulder and said 'ow well he was filling out."

(Reproduced from W. W. Jacobs's "Short Cruises," by kind permission of Messrs. Hurst and Blackett.)

H_2O.*

Between wit and humour there is all the difference in the world. Wit is a defined thing: a thing is witty or it is not. A thing is not necessarily humorous or not humorous.

Humour is presumably the action of circumstance on one's sense of incongruity, but as the sense of incongruity in each of us varies in degree so must the registered value of the humour. Often enough the less witty a thing is the more humorous it is. A bad pun is much more amusing than a good one. The absolutely serious is often the absolutely funny. This is what Mr. Jacobs has discovered: this is what gives him his amazing success, his more amazing skill, and his most amazing consistency. People are alleged to picture humorists as men with gaping grins, funny ties, and clothes that reverberate. I have no such delusions. I believe that Mr. Jacobs wears black, and carries a big pocket-handkerchief.

In the book before us we have twelve stories, and at least two-thirds of this number are genuine Jacobs. In nearly all the tales the hero is engaged in some plot to deceive, gloriously stupid in conception, fatuously ineffective in execution, and fruitful of nothing but humiliation for all the people concerned.

Two-thirds are genuine Jacobs; but why, we wonder, did the author elect for the first station the "Changeling"? His best story is the last in the book, and certainly the first is his least successful. Is there ever any humour in petty marital infidelities? The man who discovers it should be accorded a shrine, the floor of which should be carpeted with the prostrate forms of every ingenious discoverer from the Young Columbus to Nansen of the North. Still there is only one Jacobs.

And for one thing we have to be thankful: Mr. Jacobs did not come before. It is exactly at the present time that he is needed: it is to this age of froth and filth that he is the proper antidote. "'Short Cruises,' by W. W. Jacobs, illustrated by Will Owen"—how fresh and good it looks after the precious pabulum unctuously and suggestively recommended as "daring," as "freely-handled," or as "treating of a very delicate subject." What a brave breeze blows from off the Jacobs seas. What a jolly old tub it is that loiters from petty port to petty port!

"Ashore if a man's ill he goes to a horsepittle, and 'as a nice nurse to wait on 'im; at sea the mate comes down and tells 'im that there is nothing the matter with 'im, and asks 'im if he ain't ashamed of himself. The only mate I ever knew that showed any feeling was one who 'ad been a doctor, and 'ad gone to sea to better himself. He didn't believe in medicine; his idea was to cut things out, and he was so kind and tender, and so fond of 'is little box of knives and saws, that you wouldn't ha' thought anybody would 'ave 'ad the heart to say no to him. But they did. I remember 'im getting up at four o'clock one morning to cut a man's leg off, and at ha'-past three the chap was sitting up aloft with four pair o' trousers on and a belaying pin in his hand."

But Mr. Jacobs is not only humorous in the broad, farcical sense; his little side touches are inimitable, as in this: "Once, two days after my missis 'ad dreamt she had spilt a cup of tea down the front of her Sunday dress, she spoilt a pot o' paint of mine by sitting on it."

Mr. Jacobs is fortunate in many ways—in the ease with which he is able to maintain his quality; in his comprehension of the dull funniness which passes for wit with the men of whom he writes; in his feeling for narrative. But in no respect is he more fortunate than in that of his illustrator. Jacobs minus Owen is unthinkable. Just as they are of the sea, of the water, so might they be respectively Hydrogen and Oxygen; H_2O might well be their sign manual.

We are glad to remark one fact in regard to the present book. Its author has not yielded to a temptation which seems always to be lying in wait for writers describing the class of humanity with which he deals: he has not found humour in drunkenness.

We have called the book good Jacobs, and what more is there to say?

Highly spiced dishes are being carried in and placed upon the table of the tame reviewers. Odours are everywhere. Faugh! pass the Jacobs!

FRANK ELIAS.

* "Short Cruises." By W. W. Jacobs. Illustrated by Will Owen. 3s. 6d. (Hurst and Blackett.)

A CYPRESS GROVE*

This piece of impassioned prose by Drummond of Hawthornden has been chiefly known in short passages. It has been, and is again in the introduction to this edition, compared with Sir Thomas Browne's "Hydriotaphia"; and

* "A Cypress Grove." By William Drummond of Hawthornden. 2s. 6d. net. (Shakespeare Head Press.)

William Drummond of Hawthornden.
(Reproduced from "A Cypress Grove," by kind permission of Mr. A. H. Bullen.)

Browne is alleged to have stored its choicest cadences in his memory. That it belongs to the same small class as that essay is its main distinction. It is a deliberately poetical meditation in prose on the subject of death, and was first published in 1623 along with the poems entitled "Flowers of Sion." It contains hardly anything essential that is new; in places it is obviously a remodelling of well-known ideas and images; nor does it depend upon its ideas, but rather upon its consistency and loftiness of mood and expression.

In 1620 Drummond, then in his thirty-sixth year, had been very ill, and near death, and it is supposed that he wrote "A Cypress Grove" during his convalescence. As he lay awaiting sleep his imagination was often "troubled with a confused fear, no, sorrow or horror," which filled him with melancholy thoughts, and lastly, about Death. The book contains these night thoughts. At first, he thinks sadly of the soul's divorce from her dear friend, the body. But then life is a poor thing, especially now that the earth "is found to move, and is no more the centre of the universe." We can see all that is to be seen of the earth in a day. Had it been a good thing to live long, God would have allowed it. Moreover, death is no more painful than a swoon, and it is common to all. And is not the soul set free by death from that "leprous and infected inn," the body—hatched, as he says:

"Think then, by death that thy shell is broken, and thou then but even hatched."

But as the morning star arises, he has a vision of eternity and of a friend who consoles him with the praise of heaven.

It needs some art, it must at once be admitted, to keep awake a man of our day over thoughts like these. Their mediocrity is broken only three or four times by such a thought as "the half of our life is spent in sleep," or "beasts, fire, sea and air, are pitiful to man in comparison of man." We have to look, for an explanation of such success as it achieves, to the passion which Drummond has been able to introduce into his words, his rhythms and his images. In mere words he is rich, but not remarkably so; there is no glory of words here as there is in Browne, but just an eloquent profusion, as in:—

"The vain affectation of man is so suppressed, that though his works abide some space, the worker is unknown; the huge Egyptian Pyramids, and that grot in Pausilipo, though they have wrestled with time, and worn upon the vast of days, yet are their authors no more known, than it is known by what strange earthquakes and deluges isles were divided from the continents, or hills bursted forth of the valleys."

This might have been by Browne, except that it never really gets under full sail. His rhythms, indeed, are smooth, and even sweet—now and then breaking into a swagger—but never princely like Browne's. They suggest rather the unheard melodies of the recluse philosopher's mind than the activity and aspiration and exultation of the curious physician. Nor are they well wrought into one another, but seem to be the accidental exuberances of his spirit. His images are often beautiful, as where he compares the body and the soul with a lute and a lute-player, and to two pilgrims "which have wandered some little piece of ground together"; or where he says: "Death in youth is like the leaving a superfluous feast, before the drunken cups be presented and walk about"; or best of all, where he sees the stars and planets in his vision

"Like a poor countryman brought from his solitary mountains and flocks, to behold the magnificence of some great city."

But like a great deal of prose poetry, it is easily capable of inducing disgust, if it does not come at precisely the right moment—disgust especially with what seems to be insincerity, or breaks the passionate flow of the meditation by a mere academic phrase, or one in linsey woolsey. It has not the sustained fire and energy of passion and workmanship, of "Areopagitica," for example, or "Hydriotaphia," or "Our Ladies of Sorrow." EDWARD THOMAS.

A FRENCH NEWMAN.*

The unity of mankind is such that every stolid Englishman contains within him a potential Frenchman or Arab, or indeed a naked Fuegian. A Frenchman or an Arab of sufficient discernment, able to penetrate below the surface of a man's life, will find and recognise this obscure element of personality; like will be drawn to like, and the psychological study of a complex nature will yield a result determined by the sympathies of the student. M. Henri Brémond has brought a mind, characteristically and intensely French, to bear upon the problem of Newman's personality, and the result is a vivid presentment of the Frenchman that was in Newman. It is not that he ignores the English characteristics of a man who was even narrowly English; it is not that he misunderstands these characteristics; he is always calling attention to them, always insisting on them, always explaining them to a bewildered reader. M. Brémond has made a long and intimate study of the English mind, as it appears when verging on Catholicism or when absorbed; he has studied Ward and Pusey and Newman with equal thoroughness, giving more time and space to Newman only in proportion to the wider interest of the subject. This wideness of interest contributes to the result which I have noticed. M. Brémond is interested in Newman rather as a great Catholic than as a great Englishman; he explores the character, spiritual and intellectual, of one who exercises, and will continue to exercise, an immense influence on that body of thought in the Church which is theology in the making; his object is to know this character himself and to make it known to his fellow-countrymen. He is therefore drawn, more or less consciously, to the points of sympathetic contact. The Newman that he lays bare is not the Newman that an Englishman would find. Dr. Barry, for example, with the same religious interest as M. Brémond, has described another Newman. M. Georges Grappe, M. Ernest Dimnet, and other Frenchmen who have essayed the same task, achieve less in the way of revelation, for the paradoxical reason that they do not understand the Englishman in Newman well enough to lay bare the Frenchman; they are lost in things of the surface. M. Brémond goes to the depths.

It follows that he makes a particular selection even among things of the surface. He is irritated by the prominence which others give to Newman's transit from Anglicanism to Romanism; he girds at Dr. Abbott, for example, as a fanatic who sees no more in Newman than the deserter from Anglicanism, and reduces his whole history to one chapter of the conversion. That is unjust; an Englishman, of whatever religion, cannot fail to make that chapter prominent, as Newman did this himself; but even to exaggerate the importance of it, as Abbott may have done, and to study the whole of a man's life in relation to this crisis, need not be anything worse than a fault of perspective. M. Brémond possibly makes too little of the change; his attention is fixed on the essential unity of Newman's spiritual life; the supreme crisis for him is not the conversion of 1845, which was mainly an affair of externals, but the conversion of the boy of fifteen. That spiritual crisis, conceived by the subject him-

* "The Mystery of Newman." By Henri Brémond. Translated by H. C. Corrance. With an Introduction by the Rev. George Tyrrell. 10s. 6d. net. (Williams and Norgate.)

self in the terms of the evangelicalism in which he was bred, determined his whole life. So he himself said, and his witness appears to be true. According to M. Brémond, the essential egoism of the man, his intensely individual outlook, was the fruit of this experience; there were for him but two prime realities, himself and God, perceived by a like intuition, absolute and indestructible. All other knowledge was sceptical, approximate, a walking through shadows and dreams. He told a secret of his heart in the epitaph that he chose: *Ex umbris et imaginibus ad veritatem.*

M. Brémond's interest in Newman being what it is, why should his book be translated into English? His object is to make Newman known to Frenchmen. It is interesting to see what a Frenchman finds in one of ourselves; but no Englishman can appreciate this unless he have sufficient knowledge of all that is French to be able to read such a book in the original. Can such a book, indeed, be translated into English at all? It is French in thought and purpose. What can translation do here? The more successful the rendering, the more will the value of the book evaporate. Happily, Mr. Corrance's translation is not successful. It is faithful and the fruit of much painstaking; it is not English. It is at best French with an English vocabulary. Failure to effect the impossible is no disgrace, and Mr. Corrance may take credit for his courage. And why this introduction by Mr. George Tyrrell? He has much in common with the author. Both have been Jesuits and are Jesuits no longer; both remain Catholic and Roman; each of them has a peculiar interest in Newman. But their interests are not the same. Mr. Tyrrell is first and last—if he will let me use the word—a theologian. He speaks of theologians, indeed, in another sense; in which sense they are a crew from which he holds himself studiously aloof. But in a wider sense, and in a sense that comes more natural to an Englishman, he is a theologian, and his interest in Newman is theological. But M. Brémond is in no sense a theologian. The introduction grates on the book: it calls up associations which are foreign to M. Brémond's thought, controversies of the present, and still more of the future, into which he does not penetrate. Newman was not without theology; he has influenced and will continue to influence theology through that which M. Brémond finds in him; but he will influence it rather by a contribution of new matter than by a modification of form. It is rather his humanity than his divinity which counts. And M. Brémond is the exponent of his humanity.

T. A. LACEY.

A PEOPLE'S FAITH.*

It has been remarked by a man of science that a biography cannot be rightly written without a consideration of its subject's ancestors and their environment. A large part of a man's character and career has been determined for him before his birth, and he bears in his mind, as in his body, the likeness of remote progenitors. Some sense of this truth may be latent in the genealogical details which serve as the preface to a volume of memoirs. The facts are often meagre, and the essential points are unknown or neglected, but hardly any fact connected with a man's ancestors can be wholly without significance. What is true of the individual is true of the State, nor in any case is the study of origins more important than in the history of the most imperial of nations. The literary history of Rome begins late in her career. It embodies many traditions of an earlier time, but it was reserved for other times and other nations to see what these traditions meant. Mommsen used the political facts of the period of written records as a means of reconstructing the political condition of the infant city. The spirit of the historian is here as the spirit of the geologist. Now the spade comes to the help of the pen. The soil gives up its forgotten memorials, and there comes into view an outline, however shadowy, of a past which was contented to live and had no desire to leave a record of its life.

The causes of national greatness must be sought in many sources. We cannot, for instance, ignore the geographical position of the city of Rome, the strong hill on which the first settlement was made, the facts that the river was below it and that the sea was neither too near nor too distant, the character of the country which lay between the walls and the Apennines. It would be as idle in our own case to forget the herring-pond. The geographical conditions have a strong influence on the religious belief. An immigrant carries into a new country the religion and the rites which have been those of his race, but he does not keep them in the same form. The mountaineer whom the sight of fertile fields has allured to sweep down upon the wide plain, adds the culture of wheat to his inherited herds of goats, and finds, or invents, the need of worshipping a god of agriculture. We cannot say whence the Roman came, but in his earliest period we find him a tiller of the soil. His unit was not the individual but the household, and we may suppose that he brought with him to the banks of the Tiber the household gods of his Aryan forefathers. His rustic deities may also have come from another land. or more probably may have had their birth in Roman fields. Mr. Bailey's excellent little treatise deals with these early deities, and shows how out of them grew the national worship to which Cicero and Augustus attributed the greatness of their country. Literary Rome was largely under Greek influence. It is well to remember what was the religion of the people.

JOHN SARGEAUNT.

* "The Religion of Ancient Rome." By Cyril Bailey, Fellow of Balliol College. 1s. net. (Constable.)

A TORY JOURNALIST.*

It is uncharitable and presumptuous in journalists of the present generation to sneer at those of the Old School. The Old School had the defects of its qualities, but the qualities were there. They included a wide knowledge of men and things, and the ability to cover large spaces of newspaper with evenly flowing prose—an ability liable to abuse, but not therefore to be utterly despised.

Mr. Kebbel would not object, I think, to be called a journalist of the Old School. He began his long connection with newspapers over fifty years ago, when they were written primarily for the leisured classes. That was the time for your leader-writer and special correspondent to spread themselves over whole columns for the instruction and entertainment of gentlemen who, after finishing the morning coffee, could relapse into an armchair and study politics and society at slippered ease. The leader was three-

* "Lord Beaconsfield, and other Tory Memories." By T. E Kebbel. 16s. net. (Cassell.)

T. E. Kebbel,

Author of "Lord Beaconsfield and other Tory Memories."
(Reproduced from "Lord Beaconsfield, and other Tory Memories," by kind permission of Messrs. Cassell and Co.)

decked like an old-fashioned pulpit, and correspondence was as long almost as a modern novel. It was the age of Thackeray and Trollope, who told their stories, as the nightingale sings, at full-throated ease. We have exchanged them for the staccato blackbird warbling of Kipling and Conrad, and whether we like it or not, we have to be content. Most of us, no doubt, are more than content. Respect for the Old School cannot blind us to the fact that it was—let me blurt out the awful truth at once—somewhat long-winded.

This of the Old School generally. Mr. Kebbel, though nurtured in the convention of spaciousness, is not wearisome. He occupies only 350 large pages in recalling a host of memories—political, social, sporting, and literary. He has respected the cribbed conventions of the New School most considerately. When we meet such great people and such amusing people in his pages, when we ponder over the wealth of memory produced by fifty years—and such years—we can but marvel that he has limited himself to a single volume.

If you would mingle with the high society frequented by Mr. Kebbel, or hear his good stories, you must go to the book. They cannot even be catalogued here, because I have not the space allowed to those happy writers of an older generation. Sufficient to say that the first part of the book is filled with memories of Beaconsfield, written originally for the *Standard;* that later on we hear much of other Tory politicians, from the late Duke of Rutland to Mr. Arthur Balfour; and that Mr. Kebbel talks under separate headings of Tory ladies, Tory Arcadia, Tory Bohemia, Tory clubs, Tory journalism and literature, and various other Toryisms. It will be gathered that Mr. Kebbel, unlike others of the Old School, keeps to his point. On every page Toryism is present. Mr. Kebbel glories in his political opinions. In days when even ardent Conservatives consider the term "good old Tory" provocative, if not insulting, it is a pleasure to meet with a writer who, in matters of faith, condescends to no compromise.

The book remains, however, almost startling in its Toryism. As a demonstration of the rapidity of the world's movement it has no rival among recent publications. It plunges us into principles of personal existence and progress as remote from our own time as one finds in Froissart or Joinville. At least, they seem so on a first surprised reading. We behold clever young journalists working hard for their party in the sure but sometimes uncertain hope that the leader of that party will recognise their efforts in a substantial way by appointments to factory inspectorships and such-like. In this degraded age the young journalist would be insane who dreamed of recognition from his party. On the other hand, he would think his editor insane if he were directed to wait upon Mr. Balfour or the Prime Minister to take his instructions for the day's leader. Yet Mr. Kebbel, in his time, has visited great men for this purpose, and once sat at the feet of the Turkish Ambassador in the interests of the Sultan. Moreover, it was the custom of his first editor "every Friday night to go down to the House of Commons as late as could conveniently be managed, returning to the office in the Strand with a bundle of pencil notes dictated by Mr. Disraeli, to be moulded into the first leader for next day's paper."

Another surprise is to discover that Dr. Johnson did not, as is generally believed, strike a death-blow at literary patronage by his famous letter to Lord Chesterfield. Mr. Kebbel acknowledges Beaconsfield as his patron—"the only patron I ever had"; and he merely supposes that "the 'patron,' as handed down to us by the eighteenth century writers, is now extinct, and that no struggling man of letters ever finds him 'a native of the rocks,'" though he has "fondly imagined my relations with Mr. Disraeli to have resembled in some slight degree Crabbe's relations with Burke." Nor did Mr. Kebbel's loyal service to his party lack acknowledgment. Beaconsfield had it in his mind to make him a County Court judge, but as he had "never practised, never held a brief, never even sat in court," Mr. Kebbel felt himself wholly unfit for the position, and honourably resented the persuasions of his friends to accept the offer if it came. Journalists could be as independent then as now. Nevertheless, the revelations made by Mr. Kebbel enable us to understand the grounds of James Hannay's assertion of his position. "I am," he said at a banquet in his honour at Edinburgh, when defining what, in his opinion, ought to be the relations of a party journalist to the party leaders, "I am their soldier, but not their servant. I wear their uniform, but not their plush." Apt sentences, but nothing could show more conclusively the difference between past and present conditions of journalism than the necessity of uttering such a disclaimer.

Mr. Kebbel's is an honest and therefore an illuminating book. We feel, when we have read it, that we know Mr. Kebbel as well as his time. There is much diversion in it, and abundant variety. But Toryism, "good old Toryism," is stamped unmistakably everywhere. THOMAS LLOYD.

THE IRISH PARLIAMENT.*

This little volume of some 130 pages, appropriately bound in shamrock green, appeals particularly to the historical student of the eighteenth century. Not that the general reader will not find Dr. Hunt's Introduction clear, balanced, and full of information, and the manuscript which follows singularly entertaining, but their full value and importance will probably be only appreciated by those who have studied in detail not merely the history of Ireland and the system and working of the Irish government in the twenty years that preceded the establishment of "Grattan's Parliament" in 1782, but the principles and policy of the British Government towards Ireland and the Irish Parliament from the year that saw William III. set upon the throne of England down to the accomplishment of the Legislative Union in 1801. Dr. Hunt therefore deserves the congratulations and thanks of every serious student for having so skilfully used the opportunity to publish, and for the care with which he has edited, a manuscript that is in reality an elaborate and precise footnote of ninety odd pages to the sixteenth chapter of Lecky's classic History. The document in question is a confidential and lengthy report on the state of the Irish Parliament on July 2nd, 1775; it was obviously drawn up in the Intelligence Department of the Government as an official though secret guide for the use of the Irish and British Ministry, so as to exhibit in precise detail the composition, character and views of both chambers in the Legislature; it supplies a complete list of every peer and commoner in alphabetical order, and under each name are given with bald brevity the various offices, pensions, sinecures, perquisites, gratifications already received by the member, "his sisters, his cousins or his aunts," or the granting of which will or will not secure his vote for the Government, emphasised by telling comments on the recipient's character and political standpoint; in short, we have here a complete, private, and scandalous "Who's Who" for Castle use, to enable the Administration exactly to calculate how and at what a price a majority for the Administration can be created and kept together. The manuscript, published for the first time, was purchased some years ago from a London bookseller by Mr. Vincent Scully, formerly M.P. for county Tipperary, to whom we are indebted for putting it into the hands of its present editor. Dr. Hunt, for reasons set forth at length in his Introduction, which seem tolerably conclusive, identifies the author as Sir John Blaquiere, the Chief Secretary during the viceroyalty of Lord Harcourt, though the MS. is not actually in his handwriting. How it found its way from Sir John's or his heirs' possession ultimately to a London bookseller is apparently not known, but there is no ground for doubting its authenticity, particularly as much of its contents is corroborated by a somewhat similar, though earlier, list in the "Harcourt Papers" (x. 287-371, privately printed). The state of things that this report reveals will not surprise the historical student. That the Irish Parliament, both before and after 1782, was "corrupt" in the modern sense of the term is a commonplace of the history books, requiring neither new proof nor explanation. That it was more or less corrupt than the British Legislature is a proposition of which probably we have not got, and never shall have, the evidence and data to permit a scientific examination. Certainly those who have examined at all in detail the vast correspondence in the British Museum of Newcastle, the great party manager in England for forty years, would not be in a hurry to contend that the secrets of the system of

* "The Irish Parliament." From an official and contemporary manuscript. Edited by William Hunt, M.A., D.Litt. 3s. 6d. net. (Longmans, Green and Co.)

maintaining or creating a majority for Government revealed by Blaquiere were not fairly well known and practised in London as well as in Dublin. At any rate, an equally pretty Index Expurgatorius might be compiled by the painstaking from Newcastle's bland confidences. Unfortunately the official "Who's Who," say, of John Scrope, Walpole's loyal and able lieutenant, or of Henry Fox, when he carried the peace of 1763 to the satisfaction of George III., or of Lord North, as we may suspect from pretty broad hints in his letters with his royal master and borough-monger, have not yet strayed into the keeping of Irish booksellers. Let us hope that they still exist in some forgotten pigeon-hole, and that some day the charnels of St. Stephen's, too, will yield their edifying witness. Meanwhile the student will probably follow Dr. Hunt's example, and decline summarily to pronounce the Irish Legislature to be an anticipation of a Chicago Tammany; recognising that to arrive at an impartial verdict on Ireland and British policy in Ireland is indeed a matter of a very long breath, he will be content for the present to analyse the facts so kindly provided for him, and then to fit them into that complicated framework of bigotry, misgovernment, oppression, progress and patriotism called Irish history. The general reader may be safely recommended first to study carefully Dr. Hunt's Introduction, which will enable him to understand fully the Directory that follows. The text will supply him of itself plenty of enjoyment if he has some sense of humour, as a few quotations will show. The author's references to himself are gorgeous. "He (Beauchamp Baymall)," he says, "contrived to quarrell with and fight Sir John Blaquiere—Sir John stood one shot and allowed him to snap his pistol at him seven times"; and again, of a speech of his own: "It was a masterpiece of Policy and Design scarcely perhaps to be equal'd"; and again, of another occasion, "Sir John made him eat his words in a set speech, and he (Sir Hector Langrishe) behaved very well afterwards"; on Mr. James Cuffe we are told: "He is not less perplex'd or embarrass'd in his circumstances than he is by his wife and Miss Weiwitzer." Mr. W. Burgh is succinctly summed up: "The Duke of Leinster's—a mere Spit Fire—a pert peevish boy—his fortune is much involved and he nc v lives in England—has commenced author." The three Rams of Gorey have a category of their own: "These gentlemen make a merit of never giving a vote to the Castle." Mr. Westenraw has a delicious paragraph: "This unfortunate gentleman is claimed as his by Lord Clermont, Mr. Fortescue and General Cunningham when either of them have any point to carry—when he is left by them for a moment, he then solicits for himself." The Bishop of Limerick "attends constantly in expectation of a better see"; while Lord Roden, "having but a small fortune, is totally in the power of the Castle." The Earl of Antrim, Sir John drily remarks, "has not attended Parliament these four years and asks to be a Marquis," while his son "has appeared constantly these two last sessions," presumably to raise papa's price. And here is a glimpse into the academic amenities: Mr. W. Clement, "Vice Provost of the College (Trinity), always against and an opponent of the Provost." While if we want an edifying example of how politics plus brains can pay, let me cite Sir John Hely Hutchinson: "Prime Serjeant, £1,200—Privy Counsellor, £900—additional salary, £1,000—Reversion Secretary of State, £1,800—Reversion to his son of 2nd Remembrancer, £800—His brother-in-law, Comptroller of the Board of Works, £300—another brother-in-law a pension of £200 and Surveyor on the Quay of Dublin, £500. . . a Deanery to his son's tutor. . . His wife recommended by Lord Townshend for a peerage," and so on for many lines. "He is still dissatisfied, and ever will untill He engrosses the station of Primate, Chancellor, Lord Chief Justice, Provost (this, by the way, he had already secured)—He has named to three guagers—three tidewaiters—a Hearth Money collection—Clerk of the Iron Yarde—his clerk is Hearth Money collector—his Butler a walking officer—Mr. Waller, his brother-in-law, Solicitor of the Stamp Offices, £200"—and so on. Not even Lord Shannon, who owned eighteen boroughs, the Duke of Leinster, who owned twelve, or Mr. Ponsonby, the master of twenty-two, can equal this, though Sir John reserves the title of "the greatest Jobber in Ireland," curiously enough, for "an Independant," "a miserable speaker," Mr. William Fortescue, who helped to make Mr. Westenraw so unhappy. Clearly, however, no further comment is needed to show that this little volume has comfortably earned a place on the student's shelf beside "The Black Book" of the early Radicals in the Unreformed British Parliament.

C. GRANT ROBERTSON.

FAR FROM THE GLOOM.*

To many readers "The Daft Days" will come as a revelation of Mr. Munro's versatility, for it is in almost every respect a work far removed from "The Lost Pibroch," "The Children of Tempest," and the other Gloomy writings by which he is chiefly known. In more than one most important respect, however, it resembles all his serious work—it is highly charged with writing that is wonderfully beautiful, its descriptions of scenery (which, fortunately, are kept to reasonable size) are marvels of suggestive and romantic word-painting, and throughout there is felt the influence of a true philosopher. Much of the book is broadly humorous—and Mr. Munro as a humorist is not known to all his readers, for in the two humorous booklets which he has given to the public during the past four years, "Erchie" and "The Vital Spark," he saw fit to employ a pen-name. Both these little works had a vast and richly well-deserved success; and to those acquainted with them the lighter part of "The Daft Days" will be no surprise.

The scene of the book is a township in Scotland: one guesses that it is Inveraray—depicted with an art that is far removed from realism. As drawn by Mr. Munro it affords sharp contrast with the Barbie of the late Mr. George Douglas Brown in his novel, "The House with the Green Shutters"—in fact, there could scarcely be a sharper contrast between life in two Scotch townships, for Mr. Brown's characters were noteworthy for their "black-rotten" hearts, whereas Mr. Munro's overflow with optimism, love one another, and the village public-house plays little or no part in their lives: the Barbie crowd were always there or thereabout. It is true that "The Daft Days" has a character called Wanton Wully Oliver, who is bellman, harbourmaster, grave-digger, and many other things in addition, and that he has "an affection for processes not wholly dissociated from bottles"; but his dram-drinking does not lead him to "backbite" in the Barbie or any other fashion: it seemingly only adds to his geniality and makes him fitter subject for the genial picture. It was Wully who asked the local lawyer what was the difference between the U.F.'s and the Frees, a matter at which he had looked, he said, from every point and "could not see it."

"'Come and ask me some day when you're sober,' said the lawyer, and Wanton Wully snorted.

"'If I was sober," said he, 'I wouldna' want to ken—I wouldna' give a curse.'"

The nameless town of "The Daft Days" is not a Drumtochty—it is as far removed from a Drumtochty as it is from a Barbie—it is a place that has no prototype in recent Scotch literature.

In a sense the book is another "Gilian the Dreamer"; but there are many differences, for the story is of the present-day, the language is frequently wildly colloquial and full of slang (dangerous language, it may be remarked, for any but a very highly skilled writer to employ), and the central figure, who like Gilian has the Artistic Temperament, is a girl—one Lennox Dyce, a precocious mite from Chicago, where she spent her early years with people of the stage. She arrives at the township when she is ten years of age, to stay with her uncle, Mr. Dan Dyce, a lawyer, and her aunts, Miss Ailie Dyce and Miss Bell Dyce. It is not a book with a plot: it concerns itself chiefly with the doings of the little household, which is described with a Dickens-like kindliness and charm. Lennox's point of view and language are far from conventional: and effective foils for her excessive "modernity" are provided by the homely, Doric-speaking people of the place, including Wully, one of the most amusing figures in the book. It was he, who when the little girl lay dangerously ill, was asked had he heard how she was keeping to-day.

"'Not a cheep!' said he. 'I saw Kate sweepin' out her doorstep, but I couldna ask her. That's the worst of my occupation—I wish to goodness they had another man for the grave-diggin'.'"

Dan Dyce ("Cheery Dan" they called him, with just title)

* "The Daft Days." By Neil Munro. 6s. (William Blackwood and Sons.)

is excellently drawn, and his philosophy, with its broad-minded tolerant view of humanity, is one of the features of the work. Excellent, too, are Miss Bell, troubled about many housekeeping things, and Miss Ailie, who understands the artist that is in Lennox, and knows, from her own experience, that in a small township ambitions are apt to be crushed. Kate, a maid of Colonsay, completes the household, and plays a big and comic part in the story.

Lennox Dyce, it should be explained, is not always Lennox Dyce in these early Inveraray years, for often she is Winifred Wallace, under which name she believes herself to be a different person, and under which name she writes verses. An early acting escapade gives hint as to how Mr. Munro is to end his story; and at the close we find that the child from Chicago, the darling of the remote Scotch township, is in London, leading-lady at one of the most important West End theatres, a "star" of much magnitude. Heredity, assisted by Mr. Jim Molyneux, has told. . . . Jim is of the theatres: it was with him and his wife that Lennox lived in Chicago. He is a kind of well-behaved, higher-class Jingle; and his advent to Inveraray by coach reminds one of the first appearance of that character. Molyneux, like Jingle on another stage-coach, is all loquacity and pleasantries, but his pleasantries are in Yankee—not London—form, and he is not an adventurer. There is too little of this Chicago Jingle.

Mr. Munro's point of view as to the township of which he writes with so much knowledge and affection is suggested by this passage:

> "So, I think sometimes, all that's worth while in the world is in this little burgh. . . . In this small town is every week as much of tragedy [No tragedy in "The Daft Days"] and comedy as would make a complete novel full of laughter and tears. . . . I have started, myself, a score of them—all the essential inspiration got from plain folk passing my window, or from hearing a sentence from women gossiping round a well. Many a winter-night I come in with a fine catch of tales picked up in the by-going, as we say, and light the candles in a hurry, and make a gallant dash at 'Captain Consequence,' Chapter I.,' or 'A Wild Inheritance. Part I. The Astounding Mary.' Only the lavishness of the material hampers me; when I'm at 'Captain Consequence' (which would be a splendid sombre story of an ill life, if I ever got beyond Chapter I. and the old scamp's fondness for his mother), my wife runs in with something warm to drink, and tells me Jonathan Campbell's goat has broken into the minister's garden, and then I'm off the key for villainy; there's a shilling book in Jonathan's goat herself."

It is a bright book, which will please the author's old admirers, and will, in addition, create for him a new public, its appeal being far wider than anything he has previously done.

DAVID HODGE.

A PALADIN OF JOURNALISM.*

Not many journalists matter as much to London, as Edwin Lawrence Godkin mattered in his time to the Continent of America, and, indeed, to the English-speaking world. Yet few in England know more than his name, unless perhaps they remember that in 1895, when President Cleveland's Venezuelan message threatened immediate war, his paper alone had the courage to denounce it, and to make a solitary stand for peace in the face of the sudden wild self-discovery of American jingoism. A biography of him was needed, to commemorate his vivid life, adventurous in the beginning (he was war correspondent in the Crimea at the age of twenty-two), and to the end as fearless as a soldier's, as honest as that of a philosopher. But he deserved a better book than this. This book is an untidy piece of work, and in it Godkin's life does not unfold itself clearly, simply, as it was lived. It is in spite of Mr. Ogden's annoying lack of mastery over his materials, that the loose drift of correspondence and newspaper cuttings he has heaped together allow some sort of impression to remain when the mist of muddled reading has faded gradually away. When the book is done you do not, as you should, bang it joyfully on the table, with the thought "There was a man," and the energy of a handshake. You put it down, disappointed more than a little, expecting something better after the brilliant essay in "Studies in Contemporary Biography." It is only afterwards that you realise that the man was only partially obscured by Mr. Ogden's mismanagement—that he was there after all. It is only when the book is safely shut away in the library shelf that the man appears as a whole: the son of an Irish Presbyterian minister, learning to shoot and ride in Ireland, at school in England, at college in Belfast, studying law in Lincoln's Inn, writing a 380-page history of Hungary at the age of twenty-one, setting out for Turkey and the Crimea when the ink of that book was scarcely dry on its paper, returning with a trained pen, and more experience than men of twice his age, and going at last to America, where he meant to practise at the Bar, and where he ultimately became as amazing a force in American journalism as Junius long before had been in English pamphleteering.

Witty, humorous, unable to write a dull sentence, able with pungent irony to make the toughest skinned of his opponents wince as he read, he was one of the most steadfast, austere political thinkers that American or indeed English journalism has known. Partly he owed this to his birth; his father had lost his living for his opinions; so that his Home Rule and his other main political principles were not matters of argument or science, but bone of his bone, blood of his blood. He did not argue for them, but from them. Others, more subtly argumentative, find themselves unable to decide about anything; for him these things had been settled already, and he could take a stand on them as confidently as on a rock. He had a faith and certainty of opinion that was lacking in other men as earnest as himself. What he thought, he knew; what he said, was the whole truth, indubitable, manifest; when he saw a thing, it was there, and he could hit, without misgiving, straight from the shoulder.

The decided, downright character of his utterance does much to explain the power he had, and the affection he won from his followers, who knew him only in the columns of his paper. A law student was heard to say, "If I am ever as attached to any girl as I am to the *Nation*, I hope she will have pity upon me, and if she don't, I hope the Lord will." That is the sentiment that men who really wish to think straight feel for one man who does not mince his words, or follow the crowd, but says vehemently what he thinks, so clearly that he cannot be mistaken. Anyone who has listened to country politicians in the parlour of a little inn, must have noticed that the biggest following is not that of the careful weigher of pros and cons, but that of the most decided, the most fearless hitter, the man who is so sure of his own convictions that he does not trouble with other peoples', except to be rude to them.

That is a very unworthy metaphor to apply to Godkin, but it is not an unfair picture of the political journalism that he found when he went to America. Newspaper and platform discussion was on no higher level than the usual evening "argumentifications" at the Blue Lion. Every editor or speaker had his axe to grind, just as the opinions expressed in the Blue Lion parlour are modified by some consideration of personal interest, from the landlord whose aim is the friendship of the farmers, and the farmer who needs the goodwill of the squire, down to the least tramp of the company whose glass of beer may depend on his voice tuning with the rest.

Into this turmoil of biassed electioneering, and party coalitions for mutual gain, came Godkin, an outsider, held by race neither to North nor South, by interest neither to one party nor the other, but by his birth and by the upright, fearless nature that was in him to a love of fair-play, an elevation of principles above persons, a hatred of shams, and a scorn of the backstairs methods of politics. The *Nation*, and later on the *Evening Post*, meant Godkin, and this unbiassed point of view, fighting never for one man nor for another man, except so far as individuals happened to represent the causes of honesty or humanity, as they appeared to Godkin. There is no such paper in England. There has probably never been one: no paper ready to attack shams in all parties, no paper that does not call honesty and humanity by very different names, that vary as the colours under which it fights are Liberal, Conservative, or Labour. Godkin's complete disinterestedness was so well known in America that no one could attack his position, however objectionable he might find his opinions, unless he were willing openly to impeach honesty for being itself and humanity for being humane.

Surely such a man deserved a better book.

ARTHUR RANSOME.

* "The Life and Letters of E. L. Godkin." Edited by Rollo Ogden. 17s. net. (Macmillan.)

A VOICE FROM THE WEALD.*

Mr. Halsham's "Idlehurst," published so far back as 1898 but still remembered, took the form of "A Journal kept in the Country" for the benefit of a friend in town. "Lonewood Corner" is a continuation of the journal; but, as the author points out, it is something more than a mere decanting of an old vintage under a new label: there have been fresh gatherings of grapes. He has moved a few miles further into the Sussex Weald. His view is wider; his matter more topical. He claims some advantages from middle-age. "There is a clear gain in the middle-aged frame of mind which knows that 'il-y-a des pertes triomphantes à l'envy des victoires.'" "Idlehurst," we are told, grew together with an almost astonishing ease. Then the author developed a literary self-consciousness, and "the vein never seemed to run with the unlaborious trickle of earlier days." "Idlehurst" was more homogeneous; there was more picture and less opinion. But "Lonewood Corner" is, so to speak, more meaty. The characters are better drawn and more alive, though perhaps they are just a little like ghostly witnesses, evoked for the purpose of giving evidence on behalf of the author. He still thinks, with a good deal of reason, that the country is being ruined; that it is an exquisitely beautiful place where only man and his works are vile. But as his opinions have become fixed, less self-disputable, so has he himself mellowed somewhat.

"The blight of flat monotony still spreads upon our world, beginning with the schools; but there are energies of resistance and sources of refreshment which I did not sufficiently allow for in my former estimate. I have come to the cautious conclusion that in this direction things may last our time."

How far Mr. Halsham and the writer of the journal are to be treated as one, I do not know. That the diarist's opinions are Mr. Halsham's own seems probable, to judge by the heartiness with which they are hammered in. And if Mr. Halsham's picture of city-polluted Sussex is a true one, we can at least be thankful that many other counties are not in quite such a bad way.

Before judging the picture, however, it is very necessary to *place* the diarist. "A Countryman's Horizons," the subtitle of "Lonewood Corner," is misleading, for he is by no means a representative countryman. He has lived in the country thirty years—in it, not of it. He lays stress on the fact that he becomes more and more an onlooker; that he walks among his kind, speculant, aloof. He belongs to the class which has been called, both seriously and facetiously (*cf.* "Round About Wiltshire," by A. G. Bradley), the *village gentry;* the class which circles around the vicarage; which is amazing in its dissympathy and charitableness, in its shrewdness and stupidity, in its pettinesses and its large continuity of tradition; which is pessimistic because it is always looking backwards; which has no connection with the proper work of the country, with the soil, except that it relieves its ennui by gardening; and which of all sections of country society is the one that could most easily be spared. A characteristic touch of patronage —patronage of omission rather than commission—is perceptible in the diarist's attitude to Mrs. Ventom, one of those capable widows who continue to farm successfully their husband's land, and who are worth to their neighbours, and possibly to the world at large, more than all the village gentry put together, the parson included.

There is not, of course, the slightest objection to a picture of the country from the village gentry's point of view. On the contrary, it may be most valuable; done by a writer of Mr. Halsham's unobtrusive skill, long observation, sympathy and culture, it certainly is most valuable. The point I wish to make is: that the village gentry's view of the country, however elevated, must not be allowed to masquerade as the country's view of itself. Says Mr. Halsham:

"I thought, as I went, of Tully's histories, and tried to shape out something of the life of the parish sixty years ago, a scene of ruder energies, and, I think, larger liberties than ours, a rougher, heartier plan of living, a stronger-lined picturesque of character, a much greater width of extremes."

"Yes," says the labourer, "I mind when we was so glad to pick up dirty crustis by the road as we be now to eat fresh butcher's meat." And another will say: "When we was children, mother'd gie us a crust o' bread an' scraape an' a *Get 'long out o' it!* 'cause her couldn't let father go to work wi' nort in's inzide an' there weren't enough for all." The present rural lunacy rate is partly attributable to starvation in the Good Old Times, and few of the kind-hearted village gentry would willingly revive the *killing 'em off* process which left the ruder energies outstanding. Mr. Halsham might have applied his Warden's theory of compensation in a more thoroughgoing manner.

At the same time, his diagnosis of the country's ailments is much more searching than a genuine countryman's would probably be. Among his descriptions of the Weald and of village life—so individual and so admirably free from fine writing—among his neatly and quietly limned character-sketches; in the company of his beloved classics even, arise two perpetually recurrent themes, namely, depopulation and so-called education.

"London can no more produce its own muscle or intellect than it can its mutton or its roses. . . . As surely as its bread and its drinking water must come from green fields and clean skies, the bodies and souls which it consumes must be produced in regions beyond the reach of its contagion. . . . Oh tyrant London, learn for your own sake that there are qualities not to be found in your ganglion of the national life, yet vital to the whole body,—reserve, caution, slow-seasoned grain and fibre, an absence of 'nerves'; learn that the nursery-ground of country solitude and silence is an essential preparatory to your forcing house. . . . We in the wilderness have already more than enough of your off-scourings; now we hear of workmen's colonies, of factories to be brought out into the fields, to save congestion at the centre. It is all incredibly foolish: artisans' plantations and cheap trains, boarded-out children, fortnights in the country, deported manufactures all merely cut the tree at the roots and foul the stream at the source."

On education Mrs. Ventom is delightfully to the point.

"'Well, what they *call* education, my lady. If the schooling they get was made or meant for country-folk, it would be another thing. You'll remember the inspector last year, who wanted us to plant roses on the north side of the schoolhouse, and made all the children laugh with his question about swedes. And there's poor Dempster [the schoolmaster] who went out naturalising and caught a cockchafer, and wanted to argue against the whole school that it was something else. It's Londoners teaching the children to be Londoners all through; and then they wonder why they want to leave the country and go into the towns. . . . They don't even know the outside of their own business yet, with all their talk about the science of teaching; pouring stuff out of a spout is all they can think of. . . . If they'd ever had to fatten ducks, now,' she goes on meditatively, 'they'd have learnt that there's some hold more than others. But it's all straight out of the books. They don't seem to reckon,' concludes Mrs. Ventom, with an analogy after her wont, 'that you can put a fire out with coal.'"

For such evils, Mr. Halsham does not suggest much in the way of remedy. Still, it is something to have them well diagnosed. I have laid little emphasis on the fine literary qualities of "Longwood Corner"—which is in the first place a literary performance and then a vehicle of opinion—because they are so evident; whereas the (to use an ugly word) message of the book, though pressing, is far less likely to receive attention. Two sentences from p. 185 ought to be dinned into people's ears:

"If the Fates are patient with us, we may yet learn in time that it is ultimately not the corn raised by the man which matters, but the man fashioned by raising the corn. The simple fact that without the bodily exercise of the soil and the sea a wholesome race cannot be reared is, as far as any signs of practice go, completely ignored."

Mr. Halsham—self-styled idler—has assuredly done his part of the teaching. STEPHEN REYNOLDS.

* "Lonewood Corner: A Countryman's Horizons." By John Halsham. 5s. net. (Smith, Elder and Co.)

THE POCKET BOOK OF POEMS AND SONGS.*

However cold and tentative may be the welcome given to a poet by his contemporaries, there seems no limit to the hospitality offered to the anthologist. It is not much to be wondered at. Towards the new poet one is, almost of necessity, antagonistic. There is too much at stake to receive him with anything but caution and reserve. The reader is invited to surrender his mind, his memories, his heart to a stranger; to be patient, magnanimous, and sensitive. Even when his ear is alert for a new music, and to catch the countersign, how wild a din of critics and partisans confuses

* "The Pocket Book of Poems and Songs." Compiled by Edward Thomas. (E. Grant Richards.)

him. But the poorest anthology is sure of possessing some familiar beauty; something lovable and clear and human. No sacrifice is needed to praise the dead; nor to join in applauding what everyone acclaims. And unlike the poet's, the originality of an anthologist is a charm easily recognised and valued. So original, so much a matter of personality can it be that the compiler stands phantomlike on the threshold of his book, haunts it more obviously even than any of the poets he has evoked for his guests. The "Golden Treasury," for instance; it is almost as if the volume had been actually written by Palgrave, so true to himself and his time is its cumulative effect. Read W. E. Henley's "English Lyrics"—heady, impetuous, singular—the man himself. Who but Henley could have so flown against instinct as to include passages from the English Bible? And Mrs. Meynell's "Flower of the Mind": how rare an intuition and judgment; what spirit and sensitiveness and truth shine out in that. So with the rest. Mr. Quiller Couch's "Oxford Book of Verse," Mr. Lucas's "Open Road," Mr. Ingpen's "Poems for Children"; each is distinctive; each by inclusion or omission, by proportion, innovation, tone, reveals the mind and heart of its maker. Consequently we meet an excellent critic, sometimes a poet, always a living man, when we get the fine anthology.

And now (after this uncivil preamble) we have Mr. Edward Thomas's "Pocket Book of Poems and Songs." To all who have followed Mr. Thomas's work it is obvious that he was fated sooner or later to make an anthology. His gift of criticism is extremely rare and fine. He never mistakes his aim. He brings to bear on all he reads the keenest scrutiny. He has thought hard, worked hard, and read widely. But beyond all this he has that curious instinct for the human and the earthy. He is *en rapport* with nature; what is it? imagination? a kind of clairvoyance and clairaudience. A sip of dragon's blood preceded his first supper. It is inestimable good fortune to possess that gift. Nothing much matters in comparison. The very beauty-bubbles of the sea such a man drowns in would keep his mind from bewailing his doom. Adversity refines it; the mob cannot suffocate it; solitude, in a way, *is* it; success, perhaps, may be, but only transitorily, its opiate, since one feels, let but the grave come, back must come that too. So essentially a gift is this power that to praise it is of no moment. You may flatter (possibly outrage) a man if you tell him his nose is aquiline, or his wit Rabelaisian. He will not thank you for the information that he has two thumbs and an immortal soul. *Be* Helen of Troy, and a dozen Homers will not disturb your peace of mind. Be Shakespeare, and Bacon is welcome to Hamlet. As with all such gifts its possessor is not its master, he cannot easily abuse it; and he values it only as much, possibly, as a blackbird its song. Intellect, scholarship, morality, necessity may aid or impede its power as their asses aided the forty thieves, but it is "Sesame" that is the secret. And Mr. Thomas must have inherited the magic word.

It is to this we owe what is by far the most delightful thing in the volume—its score or so of old English songs. Over a score perhaps, and yet how few to so many centuries are these survivals of a lost art. Mr. Belloc may write another abandoned "Drinking-song":

> "But the swipes they take in at the Washington Inn,
> Is the very best beer I know."

Mr. Hardy's is a deeper sea of poetry than we have yet fathomed; Mr. A. E. Housman and Mr. Davies have sung songs that can never lose their freshness. But yet—or is it fancy?—none even of these has quite caught the strange old heedless charm of the nameless dead who wrote "Greensleeves," "Sweet Primeroses," "As I walked forth," "The Cheerful Horn," "Here we bring new water," and the few irresistible lines of "Mault's come downe." Who, in sheer wonder, *is* this unique Master Anonymous that has transmigrated a score of times, out-phœnixed the Phœnix, but comes again no more? He is pagan, capricious, protean; a little mad, a little simple; but with the "mundanity" of seven generations of midwives, the modesty of Truth, and the effortless skill of William Shakespeare himself. Blake was his cousin german; Keats once dreamed of him; he nodded to Peacock; he was scullion to Chaucer, muse of the Balladists, pot-boy at the Mermaid; and, alas! he's dead.

Hob-a-nob with this strange master in the "Pocket Book" is many another old poet—Campion, Donne, Skelton, Lodge; no Pope, no Gray; nothing fine, or superior, or indoor. A still more excellent and bolder feature is the inclusion of so many poets yet happily (and inexplicably) alive. On the other hand, there are strange omissions. There is nothing by Mr. Bridges, Mr. Doughty, Mr. Newbolt. But though, probably, Mr. Thomas is not to be held responsible, who that loves their work can help a keen regret?

And another regret is the deplorable mistake of publishing this book in a format not its own. We do not know if Mr. Lucas originated the excellent features of "The Open Road"—the fly-leaf drawings by Mr. Hyde; size, binding, print. It worsens matters if he did. But, whether or no, it is unfair to those who would not have been unfair to one another. It isn't quite fair to the "purchasing public."

Mr. Thomas's book is full of thought and personality and life. One might read it in a meadow under a blossoming may-bush, on the bench of an old inn at evening, with—even to—one's sweetheart beneath the willows; and each from the writer's point of view is a miraculous performance. It is a positive duty to learn these old songs, and, voice or no voice, to sing them—even if it be with a nightingale for obligato, or drowned by roaring wind and sea. They clear the mind of cant—and what a facile ubiquity is Cant's to-day! These are old words to old childlike tunes, something between tears and laughter; echoes, memories; and—English—just what the word means—sea, woods, April, evening-twilight; courage, simplicity.

WALTER DE LA MARE.

Novel Notes.

THE GLEN O' WEEPING. By Marjorie Bowen. 6s. (Alston Rivers.)

The fire and colour which gave Miss Bowen's "Viper of Milan" such an extraordinary success are present also in "The Glen o' Weeping"—an imaginative reconstruction of the Massacre of Glencoe and its precedent events. In a militant preface, Miss Bowen (did Miss Bowen really write the preface?) states, together with some rather gratuitous criticism of historians, her reasons for departing from the traditional view of the massacre.

> "The history of every country has crime enough to record. Scotland is guilty of sufficient bloody deeds, but an impartial enquirer can absolve her and England of the 'crime' of Glencoe.
>
> "It was a military execution performed on rebels who were outside the law; its details neither so revolting nor so horrible as those of numberless crimes committed by the victims themselves and every other clan in Scotland.
>
> "It may have been fierce, hard justice, but it was justice; and the tale that defamed Lord Stair, and made Glencoe a blot on the annals of Scotland, was a pure invention of the Secretary's enemies and the Jacobites."

So much for Miss Bowen's preface. By the tale which made a blot on the annals of Scotland, she means the fortnight's feasting in Glencoe before the "military execution." But the massacre, as related in her story, is sufficiently horrible, and Lord Stair's part in it—the suppression of the fact that the Macdonalds had taken the oath, and the obtaining of King William's signature by a trick—is quite sufficiently discreditable to blot any annals. One of Miss Bowen's chief merits as a historical novelist is that she does not apply our puling modern ethics to past times. But then, again, why was it justice to kill off the Macdonalds only, for crimes the like of which every other clan was accustomed to commit. On Miss Bowen's own showing, their execution was the result of intrigue and a technicality, with little justice about it. Apart from such criticism, provoked by the preface, we can say that the story races ahead in fine style. The very complex plot is well knit, and a multitude of characters well differentiated. Co-incidence, of course, is severely strained, and we doubt if the atmosphere of Dutch William's time was quite so lurid. Whatever we may think of its real imaginative truth, the story, as a story, is no less exciting and moving than the knightly-swashbuckler-and-his-lady-love type of historical fiction, and in the delineation of rough times and rough folk it is immensely superior. Miss Bowen appreciates villains. She makes us appreciate them too. Bravo, Miss Bowen!

A TARPAULIN MUSTER. By John Masefield. 3s. 6d. (E. Grant Richards.)

Mr. John Masefield's twenty-four stories and sketches are fairly distinctly divided into two classes. First, there are legendary tales, some full of the supernatural, told by peasant or sailor, others relating to long time past. Second, there are sketches of events, chiefly within the author's experience as a sailor, and some of them are nothing but narrative, with violent detail, while others rely chiefly upon their reflections or their atmosphere. The first, as readers of his "Mainsail Haul" may guess, are likely to be good; and they are good. For Mr. Masefield is a poet, and he has, at his best moments, an apparently effortless command of strange effects, in pictures or narratives, that have a symbolic as well as a natural beauty. Of Irish fairies, for example, he writes with something like Mr. Yeats's ease, and gets on to paper the Irish peasant's fine un-English talk. To this first class also belongs "The Pirates of Santa Anna," beginning with a picture of a lovely bay in the Venezuelan coast, where in the seventeenth century a Spanish pirate, once a church dignitary, resorted. Growing old, the pirate repented, and persuaded most of his men to settle with him in a primitive fashion in the bay, and built and decorated there a chapel. He sent a letter of submission to his bishop, and begged that they might be received back into the church. The answer came in the form of a King's frigate; and all the pirates were shot—so that "their poor lost souls now wander in the woods, crying and whimpering like the seagulls." One of the best, in a very different mood, is "Davy Jones's Gift" (of a sailor whose life Davy Jones gave to the devil), with its admirable opening:

"Once upon a time," said the sailor, "the Devil and Davy Jones came to Cardiff, to the place called Tiger Bay. They put up at Tony Adams's, not far from Pier Head, at the corner of Sunday Lane."

There is also a picture of a ship scene, "like a fiery jewel" in the dawn, from his own ship, while the sails were dripping on the dewy decks, and the men shuffling along the deck; a notable thing, and connecting this first class with the second, because, while it is probably a true narrative, it is lifted up into the same region as the supernatural and legendary tales by a profound, tranquil emotion. "A White Night" is another of these, but it seems to us that Mr. Masefield has had a stroke of bad luck in this attempt to suggest to us the magic which a by no means extraordinary incident has for himself. He is perhaps in danger of labouring this kind of fact; of trying too often to capture it when it will not come of itself. The descriptions of the sea, of ships in storm and calm, of the sailor's life, include several short pieces of brilliant impressionism, often technical, from an uncompromising sailor's point of view, but with a boldness and directness of vision that give it life and truth. Yet we have sometimes felt that perhaps this form—of short sketches almost always under ten small pages—is dictated by habit or immediate necessity rather than by any sense of real appropriateness, and that Mr. Masefield did all that was possible with it in his "Mainsail Haul," and will have to try others before he gives full expression to his wide experience and innate poetry.

THE LONGEST JOURNEY. By E. M. Forster. 6s. (Blackwood.)

When a man has written a clever, glamorous story such as "Where Angels Fear to Tread," we look forward with titillated senses to his next book. Mr. Forster has now written a second story, with cleverness and glamour in it, and we find it arresting also. It is the story of "Rickie," a Cambridge undergraduate, his friends, his relatives, his dreams, his wife—in fact, his life and his death. Rickie was unfortunately lame, the son of a lame, unadmirable father, whom he had disliked, and a beautiful mother, to whom he had been devoted. He has also an aunt who, for smiling cold-bloodedness, rivals in her own quiet way anything we have hitherto met in fiction. At the home of this aunt Rickie meets Stephen Wonham, who, till near the end of the book, is the kind of brute-man the author is so well able to depict (though we confess that Stephen in the last pages seems to us a violence), and this man, it turns out, is not only Rickie's illegitimate brother, but is the son of his mother, not of his father, as Rickie took for granted. There is much more than this in the story; there are Cambridge life, young men's philosophy, love, marriage, tragedy; but we do not wish to tell the story—no telling of ours could convey the nature of the book. It is full of uncommon persons, and therein it is good and legitimate; but Mr. Forster, it seems, is not now content to allow them to be merely uncommon; he falls into the temptation of making them continually abnormal, and in consequence his clever book is "starred" with crudities and violences, which could have been more easily pardoned in a first novel. He has again interested us, and we feel in him the power to write with startling force. He can portray a wonderful, glowing, inner life which can be done only by a man of deep insight. But we should have had more hope if this had been his first book and "Where Angels Fear to Tread" his second. In that we found unusual power; in this we find more of the unusual and less of the power. In that was more shape, more finish, better proportions; in this less cohesion, more mannerism. If Mr. Forster will look sanely and steadily at life as well as sympathetically, and will realise the fineness of that line which allows the effective to draw so close to the ludicrous, his third book will be a book for true fame.

KEDDY. By H. N. Dickinson. 6s. (Heinemann.)

"Keddy" is a novel of University life that has the power, lacked by most such novels, of convincing its readers. It is real, and the characters in it are real, and the situations are chosen to exhibit the characters, an improvement on the more usual plan which manufactures characters to fit its situations. Keddy himself is a very nice boy who comes up to college, full of warnings against strange unnamed things that may corrupt his purity and kill his soul. He is thrown at once among fellows considerably his seniors, and is attracted, from simple love of the picturesque, by a man called Wilton, "blown tight with vitality," a man who lives more vividly than most, energetic in mischief, ready to quarrel, good-hearted, but ready to carry follies to greater length than other people, driven on by his own exuberant hot-bloodedness. Such a man always gets himself into trouble. He is always extravagantly liked, or hated. Another of Keddy's friends, quieter, more serious, nervous of scenes, hating excess of every kind, even tells Keddy point-blank that Wilton is the thing against which he has been warned. At this point Wilton disgraces himself, is ragged in consequence, and is found by Keddy magnificent in his disaster as he had been superb in his popularity. The boy sticks to him through all his Oxford career, and is at last mixed up in an unfortunate affair of Wilton's that ends in a breach of promise case with an objectionable young woman. The trial presents Keddy with the alternatives of perjury or forsaking his friend. He is prepared for the first, when Wilton, again magnificent in defeat, prevents his appearance as a witness, and so saves Keddy and ruins himself. The study of both characters is admirable. Mr. Dickenson forces on his readers the same sympathy, the same understanding for Wilton that moves Keddy. He sets before us most skilfully the old problem, whether it is better to live gently and at peace with the world, or to live like Thor's hammer with the world for an anvil. He has felt the problem, and the result is one of the very few University books that are worth the attention of any but self-conscious undergraduates.

THE VIGIL. By Harold Begbie. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

Although in "The Vigil" Mr. Begbie turns again to certain of the great problems that are continually arising in the religious life of our own times, it is as wholly unlike "The Priest" as any novel could be. It is written with the same forcefulness, the same deep feeling and sincerity of purpose, but there is less of sensation in it, less that is likely to provoke controversy. Instead of showing in dramatic action the antagonism between the Roman Catholic and the Protestant faiths, and the secret methods by which Rome endeavours to bring England back into the fold, it presents the more poignant problem of an earnest, high-souled Anglican clergyman who by hard, self-denying toil and the charm of a beautiful personality fills a once-deserted church, raises the moral tone of a whole district, wakens it into spiritual life, and then loses hold on his belief, and is faced with the necessity of deciding whether he will play the hypocrite and go on preaching a faith he no longer possesses, or whether he will openly acknowledge the truth, abandon his work, and leave his people to sink back into the slough

from which he had uplifted them. His character is drawn with power and insight. He has dedicated himself so entirely to his church that he has voluntarily bound himself with vows of celibacy; but the woman who had loved him long before those vows were made waits quietly confident that a day will come when he will give his heart to her. The story is written imaginatively, with a quick instinct for the dramatic developments of it, and cannot fail to add to the increasing circle of Mr. Begbie's admirers.

RED SAUNDERS' PETS AND OTHER CRITTERS. By Henry Wallace Phillips. Illustrated. 5s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

Mr. Phillips's men and beasts belong to the wild West—miners, cattlemen, white and Mexican, a bear, a lynx, a bullsnake, a falcon, and so on. The chief merit of the stories is their downright Americanism, so downright that they could not be rewritten in English without heavy loss. At first the terms of speech are so astonishing and side-splitting that they seem to have been done on purpose. But it is really all as natural as Newman or Swift, and very soon the reader gives himself up to it. When a cowboy tells of an adventure with a lynx that mauled him, he says:—

"Out pops an old bob-cat and starts to open my shirt to see if I am her long-lost brother."

If he has to say that a cat is quick, he says that it "doesn't grow mouldy in the process of making a move." The snow comes into his hut, and he exclaims:

"Why is it that the snows and winds of an outraged and justly indignant Providence is allowed to introdoose theirselves into this company unrebuked?"

His characters speak in the same inspired dialect. One of the extreme examples of this humour occurs in the story of a Mexican and a burning bear. The teller of the story has had a beating from his boss:—

"When he asked me if I had had enough, I told him I thought it would do for the present, because, as a matter of fact, if all I had more than enough was money in the bank, I wouldn't have done no more work for the rest of my days."

Afraid of being eaten by a bear, the same character expresses his dislike of "winding up as a filler for a dirty, smelly bear wrapper." The lynx and the snake would probably talk so if they could, and their actions are on as lofty a level of irresponsible fun as their master's. This is a wonderful fresh world to spend an hour in, and it would be better still with a glossary.

THE REMNANT. By Charles Marriott. 6s. (Eveleigh Nash).

Mr. Marriott is again analysing out-of-the-way types of feminine character beside the sea, but Esther Rosewarne is a more satisfactory heroine than the girl of "The Column." The idea of the book is to show the development of this keen, unconventional young woman under the stimulus of love on the one hand and of domestic friction on the other. She rises to the occasion. Her step-mother is one of those large, slow, beautiful women, who have resources of cruelty. Her father is a successful man, who has risen to wealth and influence. And her lover, or rather, her successful lover, is a young author and journalist, John Maydenstone, who has come to spend a holiday at Porth Enys. The opening of the story suggests consequences like those in "A Pair of Blue Eyes." But this promise is hardly maintained. Mr. Marriott has sketched several of his characters with precision, but they do not hang together very closely, and the general effect of the story is pleasant rather than arresting. The title does not seem particularly relevant to the plot.

THE INVADER. By Margaret L. Woods. 6s. (Heinemann.)

This is an extremely well-written, fascinating, and very unconvincing study of a woman with a double personality. As the result of an experiment in hypnotism by a college friend at Oxford, Milly Flaxman shares her life with Mildred Flaxman—the latter being a kind of reincarnation of one of Milly's progenitors, a clever, loose-living actress, "a raddled woman." After her marriage with Ian Stewart, the brilliant college tutor, the mysterious "double life" continues, and at recurring intervals Milly Stewart is transformed into Mildred. Mrs. Woods, with great ingenuity, represents Stewart as loving, not the Milly he had married, but the Mildred who appeared from time to time to appeal to his baser nature. Even motherhood did not avail to establish Milly's personality, and the child's training was a corresponding alternation of prudent management and foolish and capricious pampering. As Mildred, Milly is ruined and betrayed, and she commits what in ordinary circumstances a jury would consider suicide, but what Mrs. Woods calls murder. For it was with real murder in her heart that Milly drowned not only herself, but also the "Thing not Herself." The weakness of Mrs. Woods's story is the assumption that the two personalities not only alternate, but co-exist at the same time. Thus we have the extravagant pictures of Milly and Mildred criticising one another and plotting against one another. When a case has reached this stage, it is for the general good that the victim should be removed to a lunatic asylum. It is quite inconceivable that such a story should be enacted to the full in any ordinary society. Mrs. Woods handles the problem with a seriousness that suggests that she has but newly discovered this chapter in psychology. Her treatment of it is accordingly lacking in proportion, and she only barely escapes the ludicrous. When Milly's child, hearing of his mother's death, asks "Which Mummy?" there may be tears in the pit, but Mrs. Woods must be prepared for some laughter and ribaldry from the gallery.

The Bookman's Table.

THE GLOBULAR JOTTINGS OF GRISELDA. By E. Douglas Hume. 10s. net. (Blackwood and Sons.)

The title is alliterative, but scarcely euphonious. "Globular" will suggest pills to the uninitiated, and this is misleading, for there is more jam than medicine about these cheery pages of travel. Besides, "Griselda" calls up the uncomplaining heroine of Chaucer, and the irresponsible damsel, who journeys from Canada to the Malay States, to Ceylon, and thence to India and Japan, and then records her experiences in this volume, has too much spice about her to suit her name. Mosquitoes and native servants were a trial fortunately unknown to the Chaucerian maiden. The Griselda before us, however, makes good copy out of even her sorrows. The book belongs to the class of "A Social Departure," in which bits of geographical, scientific, and historical information are pleasantly strung upon a thread of vivacious personal adventure. Perhaps the greatest things in the volume are to be found in the description of life in the Malay States. The Malays seem to be a moralising people. Thus the beautiful argus-pheasant, which may be admired in museums, is a shy bird, and this trait is accounted for, not by modesty, but by shame. For, "according to Malay legend, the argus-pheasant and the crow originally were equally dowdily dressed. They agreed to colour each other's feathers; but after the crow had performed the operation very tastefully for his friend, the argus-pheasant declined to decorate the crow, making it his excuse that the Day of Judgment was so near at hand. In the middle of the argument an inkpot was upset over the crow, who flew off in black dudgeon, and has hated the argus-pheasant ever since." No wonder. This was a case of black ingratitude. The tiger frequently lunches off an unwary Malay, but the local residents get equal with the beast, by daring to fix even him to a moral truth. He was, they tell you, "a jungle waif, who was rescued and sent to school by a benevolent Malay. His behaviour, unfortunately, was far from exemplary; and when the schoolmaster gave him a thrashing, he turned yellow with rage, and bounced out at the door on all fours, with the scars of his chastisement marked round him in black stripes." This again is ingratitude, of the striped order. But it would be unfair to quote further from these chatty, delightful pages, except to circulate the joyful tale of the American officer in Peking who "hoped to advocate the cause of democracy by treating an English soldier. 'I calculate,' he said, 'if I'd been a British officer, I shouldn't have been drinking with you like this.' But Tommy was discriminating, and made answer: 'No offence, sir, but if you was a Britisher, you wouldn't be an officer, I expect.'"

COLLECTANEA: Second Series. By Charles Crawford. 3s. 6d. net. (Shakespeare Head Press, Stratford-on-Avon.)

Mr. Crawford's new volume of "Collectanea" is less varied than its predecessor. It contains only two essays—

the one dealing chiefly with the debt of Webster and Marston to Montaigne, and the other reviewing some of the saner arguments of the Baconians; but it exhibits the same methods and scholarship which made the earlier volume a notable contribution to Elizabethan criticism. If we are tempted at first to regret that Mr. Crawford should have treated the Baconians so seriously as to trouble to expose their "inaccuracies," and even their ignorance of Bacon's own writings, we soon become grateful to him for the constructive part of his essay, in which he shows the relationship of the works of Bacon and Ben Jonson. His mastery of the difficult and deceptive method of parallel passages is seen at its best in the essay on Webster, which contains a remarkable list of borrowings from Florio's Montaigne and echoes of Donne, and incidentally argues for the year 1613 as the date of the "Duchess of Malfi." This essay, and its companion in the earlier volume on Webster's debt to Sidney's "Arcadia," open up a new field of investigation, and together form the most scholarly study that has yet appeared on the works of Webster. Mr. Crawford is to be congratulated on these two volumes of "Collectanea," which it is to be hoped are the first of a long series.

COMPANIONS IN THE SIERRA. By Charles Rudy. 6s. (Lane.)

There is much in this book to captivate us. Its writer has an evident knowledge of Spanish life, and of the philosophy which sometimes underlies it. He can paint a picture, which, if not as arresting as a Goya or as national, is yet concocted with some of the picturesqueness of a Murillian beggar. But we regret that, like Mr. Cunninghame Graham, who decorates this volume with an introduction, it should be necessary for the writer to display the beauties of mediæval life by making somewhat cheap remarks about the modern life of cities and of nations that are on the side of progress. It hardly needs the gift of observation to discover that a Spanish peasant in his rags is more suitable for a photograph than is a prosperous manufacturer. But the very fact that the writers note this difference goes far to prove that they have in them more of the manfuacturer than they would care to acknowledge. How much better if they would see the romance which prosperity cannot destroy, and, for the purpose of a book like this, how much better still if they would concern themselves solely with the Spanish peasants. Of these they have so much knowledge, and Mr. Rudy has such a fine sense of dialogue that one resents any intrusion. It is a habit of this writer to call himself "the chronicler." It would not matter if once in a way he drew our attention to the showman who is in charge of the picture; but he is clearly enamoured of this word, and over and over again "the chronicler" confronts us. It is always dangerous when an author falls in love with any particular word; the chances are remote that his reader will do the same. And yet, apart from what we have noticed, there is much pleasure to be drawn from the book. The various types with whom one meets in rural Spain are indicated with a vividness that shows our author to be something more than a chronicler. Of course the traveller's quest is all in vain, it could not otherwise be Spanish. How strange if some person were to write a book about a successful Spaniard! But if that is not to be, we are content to travel for a time with Mr. Rudy's Casimiro and with Casimiro's wise Terico. The wish to leave Madrid we understand; the description of it, looking down at dawn, is so beautiful, that if for that alone we must be glad they left it.

A CENTURY OF INTELLECTUAL DEVELOPMENT. By Hector Macpherson. Pp. x., 304. 6s. net. (Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood and Sons.)

This well-written book consists of twenty-one articles, most of which appeared in the *Edinburgh Evening News*. The newspaper-reader is certainly to be congratulated who is thus able to enlarge his vision of daily events by a bird's-eye view of the progress of a century. Mr. Macpherson's chapters are luminous and thoughtful. Science, philosophy, literature, economics, and religion are all touched upon; and it is worth while to have the papers brought together. The author's guiding idea may be given in two words—Revolution and Evolution. The ideas of the French Revolution are taken as the starting-point from which the work of the nineteenth century is to be interpreted; and in spite both of reaction and of survival, Evolution is the century's watchword. A subject so large can be described only by using such broad lines of treatment; and complete accuracy is hardly attainable on so small a canvas. Evolution, for instance, was the leading idea only of the last forty years of the century; and the ideas of the Revolution survived much longer than the reader of this work might think. Their influence is specially prominent, for instance, on the writer who first dealt with Evolution in a comprehensive way—the late Herbert Spencer. The peculiarities of his system cannot be explained without recognising that he was almost equally sensitive to modern science and to somewhat antiquated abstractions. But it is perhaps as well, for the purposes of this book, that the writer should have a hero and put him on a pedestal. It is also as well that the hero should be shown at his best. And it is characteristic of Mr. Macpherson that he sees not only individual writers, but the whole thought and achievement of the century, at their best. This sympathetic and hopeful tone adds greatly to the attractiveness of the book.

Notes on New Books.

MR. T. WERNER LAURIE.

For the moment, when we opened **2835 Mayfair,** by Mr. Frank Richardson (6s.), we fancied we had lighted upon one of the romances of Mr. William Le Queux. "The body of a man in evening-dress lay on the dull, crimson carpet," so the first chapter opens, and we felt as if we had met the corpse before. But as we read on, we found that it was Mr. Richardson's own, right enough, and it is not by any means merely the sensational story of a murdered man. It is a tale with plot in it, and mystery, and awkward situations, but it is also keen, smart, vivacious and humorous. Whiskers? one is expected, of course, to mention whiskers in a notice of anything written by Mr. Richardson, but that gentleman's admirers will find very little mention of them, or of King Charles's head, in this amusing novel.

MR. T. FISHER UNWIN.

The new volume in Mr. Fisher Unwin's "First Novel Library" is **From One Man's Hand to Another,** by G. H. Breda (6s.). It is another example of the style of novel which the end of the nineteenth century gave us in some force. It shows no special traces of amateurishness or "young authorishness"; it is good in streaks; it is partly concerned with beauty and partly with unpleasantness. It gives a haunting picture of artist life in the studio, and tells the tale of a youth of talent who was brought to England by a cynical, not too good-tempered artist, and by him given tuition in return for a promise to repay some day. It also tells the tale of a lot of strange people, some over-emotional, some over-serious, all over-something. The author speaks of the help and influence given by another author's story, "The Story of an African Farm," and the sombre ruggedness of this new book is akin to that other work.

MR. EVELEIGH NASH.

Mr. Burgin, in **Which Woman?** (6s.), has done what Mr. Frank Stockton did in "The Lady or the Tiger?" He has left his readers to answer the question for themselves as to how the matter ended, and which woman triumphed. The story turns on a letter written by an idle woman in an hour of boredom and mischievousness to a man unknown to her. Mr. Burgin reminds us a little of Mr. George du Maurier in his way of repeating for our amusement the little anecdotes he gathers up as he goes about his daily round. There is an air of gossipy reality about the book which will make it very attractive to the voracious novel reader. Mr. Burgin should not have troubled to write the preface. It need have made no difference to him what a possible few persons might say.

MRS. E. GRANT RICHARDS.

We can recommend Mr. Filson Young's **Wagner Stories** (5s. net) to all who are beginning to take an interest in Wagner's operas, and wish to know the stories first. Mr. Young is simple in his treatment of the great romances, and has kept his work admirably free from technicalities, or any of the "high falutin'" which most Wagner lovers feel it necessary to adopt to give a proper solemnity to the wonders they undertake to reveal. Mr. Young is refined in style and lucid and interesting, and Mr. Eric Maclagan has translated the lyrics which occur in the several stories.

THE HOMELAND ASSOCIATION.

The title of this book—**Ightham:** The Story of a Kentish Village and its Surroundings, by F. Bennett and others, with illustrations, plans, and map (7s. 6d. net)—is a little misleading. It consists of disconnected essays on the archæology, the geology, the history of the home of Mr. Benjamin Harrison, equally famous for the beautiful "Ightham Mote." Mr. Harrison gives a list of place names. The other contributors are well informed, especially the geologists. The photographs are very good, and except for its real and apparent scrappiness, it is a valuable and delightful book.

MESSRS. HARPER AND BROTHERS.

Mr. Henry Christopher McCook is an American essayist on ants, spiders, bees, wasps, etc. He is not a literary genius, but in **Nature's Craftsmen,** popular studies of ants and other insects.

illustrated from nature (7s. 6d. net), his attempt to free his writing from technical terms and to make it readable is in the right direction, and not without good results. He is an independent observer and experimentalist in claiming, *e.g.*, to have studied the action of ants in forming and shifting the top soil, before Darwin published his "Earthworms." His writing is thoughtful and animated, his illustrations are good.

MR. JOHN LONG.

In much of Mr. Rowe Lingston's writing in his new volume **The Coming of Spring** (3s. 6d. net) we realise his sincere and poetic feeling for nature in the subjects and the details of his verses, if we do not at all times consider that his work rises to a very high level of poetry. Two poems, however, have pleased us beyond others; these are "The Little People," with its pretty rhythm so reminiscent of Jean Ingelow, and "The Song of the Rain," with its refreshing following of the course of the April shower. In the first, Mr. Lingston pleads that it may be that the "Little People" are still near us:—

"Did a fish swirl off in that ripple yonder?
Was it a wing yon leaves that stirred?
Ah, would the water but cleave asunder,
Could we but question beast and bird!

"Haply night is as full, or fuller,
Of delicate spirits as long ago,
Haply our eyes and ears are duller
Through the very knowledge we seem to know;

"Listen awhile, ye that have not chosen
To disbelieve what ye cannot feel;
Can ye not hear on the road hard frozen,
Shoes and runners of iron and steel?"

Yes, Mr. Lingston enjoys the feeling of the poets, and he believes in Santa Claus, we are glad to find.

Reprints and New Editions.

In an "Addison" number it is peculiarly appropriate to praise and commend those wonderful little volumes which Mr. John Long publishes under the name of the "Carlton Classics," for in this series he has included a volume of **Essays by Joseph Addison**, at prices beginning at threepence net in a decorative cover, at sixpence net in cloth, and one shilling net in leather. To this enticing collection, which includes many "Sir Roger" essays, and more than a dozen and a half of Addison's other most popular writings, Mr. Hannaford Bennett has contributed a biographical introduction. Mr. Bennett's views on Addison's work and character, while agreeing with our own on some points, are at variance on others, such as his quoted description of the essayist as a "*tender* humourist," and his statement that the best work in the *Tatler* was Addison's. Without for a moment undervaluing the genius of Addison, we should never consider that his *tenderness* was noticeable; and while probably raising the *Tatler* to a higher level at once than Steele had thought of when he began it, he did not, in our opinion, surpass Steele in the actual work afterwards. These differences of opinion, however, do not detract from the main usefulness of Mr. Bennett's interesting and picturesque little biography, which is packed admirably with the right information, and serves as a whet to the literary appetite for what follows on. The form, etc., of the little volume is neat, tasteful, and good throughout.

It is an undoubted truth that everyone who is not a hermit in a cave should possess a copy of Mrs. Beeton's valuable cookery book, and for those of us who do not wish to lay out 7s. 6d. for the book on "Household Management," to make good the deficiency there is now a veritable store of comfort and delight to be had for five shillings in the new edition which Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co. have published, entitled **Mrs. Beeton's Family Cookery**, with one-third more pages of wisdom and succulence than in the former volume at the same price. Hundreds of new recipes are given, and prices and details of the old ones have been altered where necessary. In addition to the wealth of toothsome recipes, and the life-like coloured, and other, plates, there are over two hundred pages of advice, information and instruction, ranging from the science, art, and practice of cooking to the folding of a table napkin and the decoration of a table. Mrs. Beeton's name is as familiar in our ears as "Home, Sweet Home," and conveys much the same sentiments.

The new volume of **The Prose Works of Jonathan Swift, D.D.**, in Messrs. G. Bell and Son's "Bohn," is Vol. XI. of the series, and contains "Literary Essays," edited by Mr. Temple Scott, and assisted by Mr. W. Spencer Jackson. It contains the famous "Directions to Servants," and about thirty other essays of varying length. Among the most interesting items—interesting by reason of their novelty—are a fragment of autobiography printed from the text prepared by Forster for his "Life," and "The Holyhead Journal," which Swift wrote when he was delayed at Holyhead for a week by reason of bad weather; this last piece is here given direct from the MS. It has not been given in previous editions of Swift.

Among the latest volumes in Messrs. Frowde's notable "World's Classics" are Hazlitt's **Lectures on the English Comic Writers**, and Palgrave's **Golden Treasury** (1s. each net). In the last-named volume the publishers have included additional poems representing the latter part of the nineteenth century. Palgrave's inimitable collection ended with the poet Rogers, as regards date, and it is a definite advantage to have within the same covers gems from the pens of Browning, Tennyson, Matthew Arnold, Rossetti, Henley, and others.

New Books of the Month.

APRIL 10TH TO MAY 10TH.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

ANDERSON, SIR ROBERT, K.C.B., LL.D.—In Defence: A Plea for the Faith, 5s. ..... (Hodder and Stoughton)

BETA.—Revelation and Evolution, 6s. ..... (H. J. Drane)

BRETT, REV. GEORGE, M.A.—Fellowship with God. Edited by Rev. Jesse Brett, L.Th. 2s. net. ..... (Mowbray)

Many will remember the strenuous and devoted life of the author of this volume, his tireless work both as a curate in crowded places, and as helper in preventive and rescue work. Here we have some of the carefully-prepared addresses written by him for those in Retreat, and the manliness, definiteness, and strong call to action, and self-knowledge, contained therein render the book a tonic and a revelation.

COOK, VALLANCE.—Should Socialists be Christians? 6d. net. (Open Road Publishing Co.)

DESHUMBERT, M.—Morale de la Nature, 1s. net. (David Nutt)

GARDNER, PERCY, Litt.D., LL.D.—The Growth of Christianity, 3s. 6d. net. ..... (A. and C. Black)

A series of lectures written, but never spoken, on the subject of the relations between Christianity and early culture, the influence of Christianity upon the several periods of the world's history. Mr. Gardner's form of writing is well suited to the manner in which he has approached his subject. He has written in pertinent outline a book which stretches from the beginning of Christianity, down through the centuries, and touches on the teachings of St. Paul, and Plato, and Newman, among other forces.

HORTON, ROBERT F.—The Holy Spirit, 1s. 6d. net. (Kingsgate Press.)

This may almost be called a handbook of spiritual teaching, inasmuch as it is a series of short lessons in simple style on the meaning and force of the Holy Spirit in God, in man, in the creation, in the Church. It is a clear endeavour to help questioners, and to stir the apathetic, on the subject of the Personality, and the force and meaning of the Personality, of God.

LEVY, REV. S., M.A.—Original Virtue and Other Short Studies, 3s. 6d. net ..... (Longmans)

MACPHERSON, HECTOR.—A Century of Intellectual Development, 6s. net ..... (Blackwood)

MONRO, HAROLD.—The Evolution of the Soul, 1s. net. (Samurai Press)

RAUSCHENBUSCH, WALTER.—Christianity and the Social Crisis, 6s. 6d. net ..... (Macmillan)

REDPATH, HENRY A.—The Book of the Prophet Ezekiel, 10s. 6d. ..... (Methuen)

ROSEGGER, PETER.—My Kingdom of Heaven, 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton)

STATHAM, F. REGINALD.—The Religion of Consciousness, 2s. 6d. net ..... (Kegan Paul)

SWEET, JAMES MATTHEWS, M.A.—The Birth and Infancy of Jesus Christ, 6s. net ..... (Cassell)

VINE, CHARLES H., Editor.—The Old Faith and the New Theology, 4s. 6d. net ..... (Sampson Low)

There is so much written about the "New Theology" that it is interesting to find a volume such as this, composed of sermons and essays setting forth the truths which actually are held by the main body of Congregationalists. It takes a tolerant view of much that is to be found in Mr. R. J. Campbell's book, but it deals also with points which cannot be accepted by the majority.

VOX CLAMANTIS.—A History of Ritualism, 3s. 6d. net. (Open Road Publishing Co.)

WERNLE, PAUL, D.Theol.—The Sources of Our Knowledge of the Life of Jesus. Translated by Edward Lummis, M.A. 2s. net ..... (Philip Green)

NEW EDITIONS.

BERKELEY, GEORGE.—The Principles of Human Knowledge. New Universal Library. 1s. net. ..... (Routledge)

BOOTH, THE LATE MRS.—Popular Christianity, 6d. (Salvation Army Book Department)

CHILD, THOMAS.—Root Principles in Rational and Spiritual Things, 6d. ..... (Allenson)

MARTINEAU, JAMES.—Endeavours After the Christian Life. Second Series. 6d. ..... (Allenson)

FICTION.

ADE, GEORGE.—In Pastures New. Illustrated. 6s. (E. Grant Richards)

"ALIEN."—His Neighbour's Landmark, 6s. ..... (Digby, Long)

Anon.—The Fool Hath Said. By the Author of "When it was Light." 1s. net. ..... (John Long)

Author of "Rob Lindsay and His School."—Auld Drainie and Brownie. Illustrated by H. C. Preston Macgown. 1s. 6d. net ..... (Foulis, Edinburgh)

BARR, AMELIA E.—Love Will Venture In, 2s. 6d. net. (Chatto)

BARR, JAMES.—The Witchery of the Serpent, 6s. (Gay and Bird)

BEGBIE, HAROLD.—The Vigil, 6s. ... (Hodder and Stoughton)

BENNETT, ETTA BUCHANAN.—The Leaven of the Pharisees, 6s. ..... (H. J. Drane)

BENSON, E. F.—The House of Defence, 6s. ..... (Heinemann)
BLAIR, JOHN.—Jake, a Son of the Street, 6d. net. (Sands and Co.)
BOURCHIER, DR. HELEN.—Darry's Awakening, 6s. (F. Warne and Co.)

This book deserves admiring notice if only for its well-written, sympathetic early chapters, dealing, as only a writer of both instinct, insight, and knowledge can deal, with her characters as children. The after story is very bright and good, but it is by its first chapters that it won its way to our affections.

BOWEN, MARJORIE.—The Glen o' Weeping, 6s. (Alston Rivers)
BRADLEY, J. FOVARGUE.—The Passing of Night, 6s. (John Long)

This is a novel with a purpose; it is all about the Church, the Romanising of it, arguments for disestablishment, arguments against disendowment, and some of the author's "practical suggestions." There is a love story as well as a purpose in the volume, and some interesting characterisation; but, as is inevitable in such a story, the characters have to "fit the crime," and this robs them to some extent of their life-likeness.

BURGIN, G. B.—Which Woman? 6s. ..... (Eveleigh Nash)
DANE, JOHN COLIN.—Champion, the Story of a Motor Car. Illustrations. 6s. ..... (Cassell)
DICKINSON, H. N.—Keddy: a Story of Oxford, 6s. (Heinemann)
FLETCHER, J. S.—The Queen of a Day, 6s. ... (Fisher Unwin)
FORSTER, E. M.—The Longest Journey, 6s. ..... (Blackwood)
FRAULEIN SCHMIDT AND MR. ANSTRUTHER.—By the Author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden." 6s. (Smith, Elder)
GARVICE, CHARLES.—Where Love Leads, 6s. ... (Hutchinson)
GILLMAN, GURNER.—The Loafer, 6s. ..... (Greening)

Mr. Gillman has put some very good work into this novel of character. South Devon is the background of his story, and there are some fine scenes where genuine men and women are brought face to face with big situations—situations big in the individual life if not of wide importance. "The Loafer" is a lovable character, but "Dr. Cameron" is a hero also, and we are glad to leave him happy in the end.

GOODRICH, ARTHUR.—The Balance of Power, 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton)
GRANVILLE, CHARLES.—A Child of the Everlasting, 6s. (H. J. Drane)
GWYNNE, PAUL.—Doctor Pons, 6s. ..... (Constable)
HARRISON, ERIC.—And the Moor gave Up Its Dead, 6s. (Greening)
HAY, AGNES GRANT.—Malcolm Canmore's Pearl, 6s. (Hurst and Blackett)
HILL, WILLIAM K.—Under Three Kings, 2s. 6d.... (Routledge)
INNES, NORMAN.—Parson Croft, 6s. ..... (Eveleigh Nash)
IRVINE, A. M.—Roger Dinwiddie: Soul Doctor, 6s. (T. Werner Laurie)
JACOBS, W. W.—Short Cruises. Illustrated. 3s. 6d. (Hurst and Blackett)
JONES, MARY WHITMORE.—Time and Tide, 6s. (H. J. Drane)
KILLICK, HALLIE (MRS. EUSTACE MILES).—The Animals' Sunday Rest. Illustrated. 1s. net. ..... (Celtic Press)
KINROSS, ALBERT.—The Land of Every Man, 5s. net. (Cassell)
LEE, THOMAS HERBERT.—The Swordman's Friend, 3s. 6d. (H. J. Drane)
LE QUEUX, WILLIAM.—The Great Plot, 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton)
MACPHERSON, JOHN F.—A Yankee Napoleon, 6s. (John Long)
MARCHMONT, ARTHUR W.—The Man who was Dead. Illustrated. 6s. .....(Cassell)
MAXTON, CLUNIE.—Heir to a Million, 6s. ..... (H. J. Drane)
MEADE, L. T.—The Red Ruth, 6s. ..... (T. Werner Laurie)
MITFORD, BERTRAM.—The White Hand and the Black, 6s. (John Long)
MONTMORENCY, G. D. de.—A Memory of the Old Slave Days, 6s. ..... (H. J. Drane)
MOORE, FRANK FRANKFORT.—Captain Latymer, 6s. (Cassell)
MOTT, C. C. AND E. M.—A Thoroughbred in Training, 6s. (Hutchinson)
MUNRO, NEIL.—The Daft Days, 6s. ..... (Blackwood)
OAKLEY, JOHN.—The Great Craneboro' Conspiracy, 6s. (Ward, Lock)
O'SULLIVAN, VINCENT.—Human Affairs, 3s. 6d. (David Nutt)
OXENHAM, JOHN.—Rising Fortunes, 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton)
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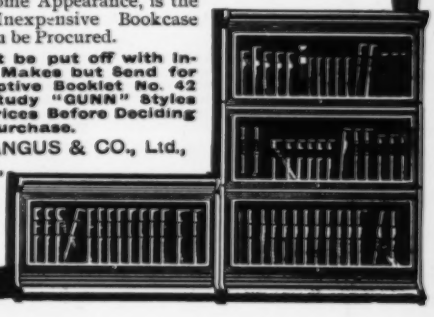
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